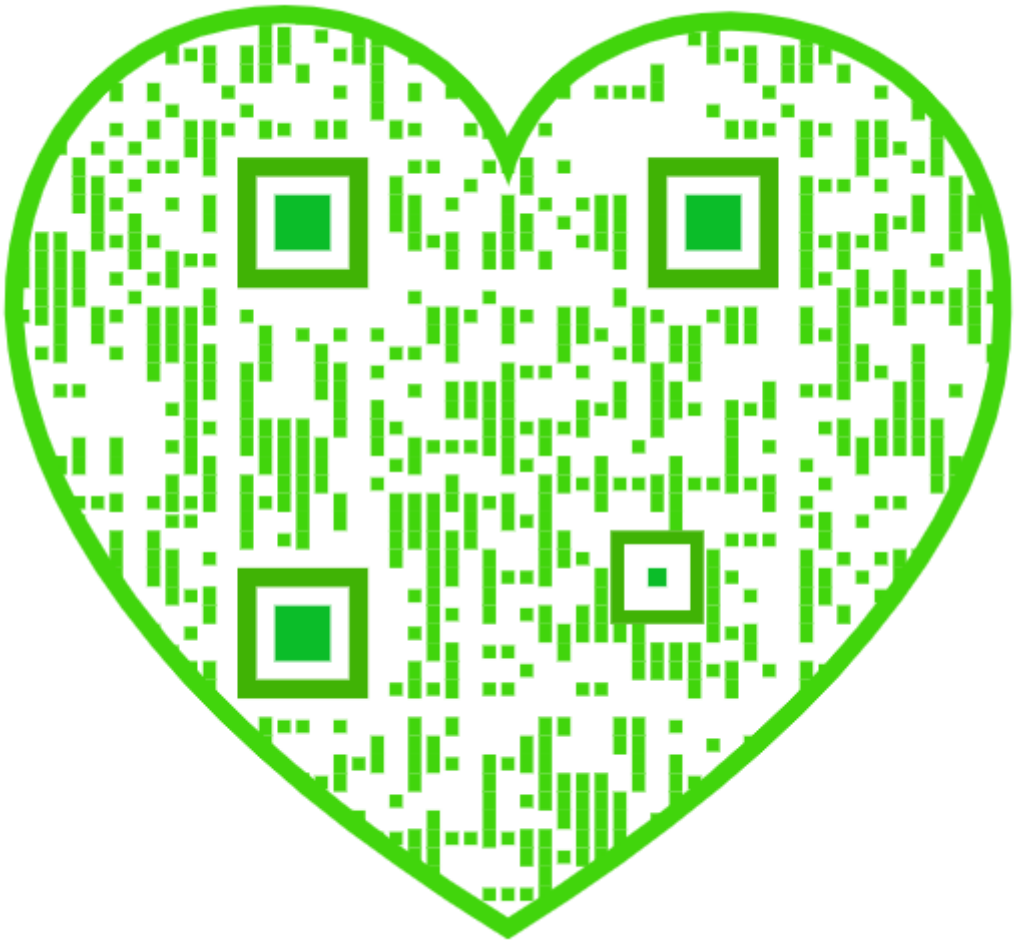

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Sarah Jane Hudson Wolfenden

INTERESTING ANECDOTES

OF THE

HEROIC CONDUCT

OF

WOMEN,

PREVIOUS TO, AND DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DU BROCA, AND OTHER WRITERS OF AUTHENTICITY.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following ANECDOTES *are offered to the English Reader, with pleasure and confidence, by the Translator: the passions they exhibit interest equally the rudest savage and man in the most depraved state of artificial manners. Even the worst of men, while their hearts have swelled with the storm of the blackest passions, have relented on beholding the genuine form of the noble passions which are the Subject of this Work, almost incredible instances of which will be found in the following pages.*

THE greater part of these Anecdotes are new to the world, having been rescued from oblivion by the generous assiduity of the Writers of this Work; and such as are well known are related with new and authentic circumstances, that give even to these an air of novelty.

THE Author has classed his Facts according to the species of moral excellence that characterises them; and the Translator has thought it best to preserve that order, as it respects those characters who lived during the Revolution.

Sarah Jane Hudson Woffenden

INTERESTING ANECDOTES, &c. &c.

CHAP I.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

THE instances we shall give of the sacrifices made by maternal affection, are not numerous. To relate the various facts of that nature with the care their merit deserves, it would be necessary to visit the multitude of families that were victims of the dreadful conflicts of parties in France, in which would be found mothers wasting the sad remains of life over the cruel recollection of children torn from them for ever; it would be necessary to attend to the recital of past dangers by children, saved by the enterprises of their mothers from an untimely fate; it would be necessary to run through every city of France. But it is even now too late to finish the interesting

you to respect his situation, and to forbear to disturb his repose."

"Most willingly," replied the chief of the party, "on condition that you tell us who the young man is."

"My own son."

Unhappily the mother pronounced these last words with a tone so tremulous, and an air of such embarrassment, that the suspicions of the rebels were excited, and their chief instantly ordered her to quit the carriage on pain of being shot together with the young man for whose safety she was so anxious.

The menace restored this generous woman to all her courage. She covered her son with her body, and calmly counted the number of the enemy.

"They are but nine," she cried to her faithful domestic, who was in the carriage with her. "Let us defend ourselves."

While she said this, she began a combat too unequal to promise her any success. Her

steady hand laid two men in the dust; but almost instantly her faithful domestic was killed by her side, the horses and the postillion were shot, and in another moment her son dangerously wounded on the head.

The mother now furious while she saw her son bleeding, seized upon his sabre which was beside him, sprang from the carriage, and with a cry of despair threw herself among the assailants. She was surrounded by the rebels, disarmed, and tied to a tree. The party then tore the son from the carriage, dragged him to a spot near his mother, and prepared to shoot him before her eyes.

Enraged with the resistance of the mother, they resolved to encrease her torture by lengthening out the spectacle of her son's wretched situation, extended as he was in the dust, and weltering in his blood; and fortunately, this resolution saved both the mother and son. The report of muskets had been heard at the nearest post of the republican army, from which a detachment of fifty horse instantly proceeded to the spot. The cries of

the unfortunate woman were soon heard by this detachment, who burst in among the rebels at full gallop, and so completely surprised them as to put them to the sword with little resistance.

The violent and sudden change in her fortune overcame the mother, and she was senseless when she was approached by her own party. She was taken from the tree by the orders of the commanding officer, and placed n her carriage, to which two of the troopers harnessed their horses. In this manner she was conducted to the republican post. Being come to herself, she enquired for her son; but what was her horror, when after all her sufferings, and the return of hope, she understood that not one of the republican party had seen any thing of the young man. She instantly comprehended the nature of the mistake made by the republican party, who having fired among the rebels as they rode up, had taken her son for one of the enemy's slain. She demanded that they would return with her to the place of action: "My son," she cried, "breathes still, he is worthy of your

care, and allied to you in principles and courage; like you he has shed his blood for the republic. Ah! who knows if another party of the rebels may not be even now on their way to——"

Her friends heard not another word, they interrupted her to return with her to the spot they had just quitted. As they drew near to it, some of the troopers who advanced before the party perceived a man having his head bound round with a handkerchief steeped in blood, endeavoring to shun them. This was no other than the young man, who having been senseless when his mother departed, had come to himself, and exerting all his strength, was endeavoring to escape from a scene of so many horrors. His evident confusion, and the blood with which his whole body was covered, made the advanced guard believe that he was one of the rebels who had survived and escaped from the field. They ran to him, and shutting their ears to his prayers and cries, slew him, as they imagined, with their sabres, and threw him into a ditch. No sooner had

this happened than the main body of the party arrived, and the carriage of the mother passing close to the body of her son, she instantly recognized him whom she so tenderly loved, uttered a shriek, and threw herself on the wounded and disfigured body.

Exhausted by so many vicissitudes, both the mother and son were carried to the republican post, their new friends uncertain whether they were dead or living. The young man, however, survived that extraordinary day, and the generous mother had the happiness afterwards to conduct him to *Nantes*, where her tenderness and care succeeded in restoring him to perfect health.

Among a number of women arrested on the *7th Messidor, second year of the republic, (June 25th, 1794,)* was a young wife who suckled her infant son. Cited before the tribunal, she appeared with the child at her breast. This afflicting spectacle moved the audience with the most tender pity. The judges perceiving the violence of its effect,

ordered the mother to withdraw with her infant into a neighboring chamber: She had not been interrogated. In about an hour she was informed that she was condemned to death, with all the companions of her arrest, and at the same time the child was torn away from her. Being thrown into one of the dungeons, this unfortunate mother uttered the most terrible shrieks, demanding as the sole favor she had to ask, that her child might be restored to her; but neither her shrieks nor tears could avail any thing with the ferocious agents of the tribunal. About a quarter of an hour before she was taken from the dungeon to be conducted to the scaffold, this wretched woman threw herself in despair at the feet of her jailors, conjuring them to permit her to give the breast, for the last time, to her child This effort of despair was treated with as perfect indifference as the former.

An alienation of mind instantly took place in this poor woman, and she died uttering the most incoherent expressions of rage.

One of the female victims of the revolution, was reproached for the tears she shed at the moment when she was hurried away from her peaceful and happy family.

"Ah," she said, "give me a little time to dry up the source of my tears; they are what I owe to nature; at present I belong only to my children, but hereafter I shall have other duties, I shall not forget what is due to my honor. I shall not forget myself, and I shall die as becomes me."

Madame L. C. was asleep in prison in the midst of her younger children, who had been brought there at her entreaties, when at midnight the bolts of her chamber door were drawn back, and she heard her name pronounced by voices but too much to be dreaded. At first she considered as a dream the image of death presented to her, surrounded as she was by the helpless and interesting creatures to whom she had given birth. But soon the most piercing anguish succeeded, she

sprang from the arms of her children, pointed out their infantine graces, the emblems of innocence, to her jailors, hoping to move them by the sight of a mother driven to despair.

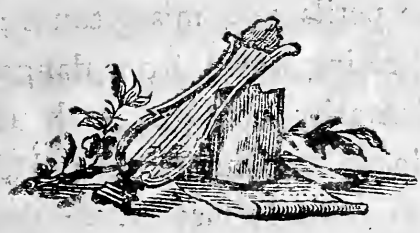
"It is," said she, "this very day eight years since I gave birth to the eldest of this little troop; already have you murdered their father; are you resolved then to leave in this unhappy land, steeped with blood, none but orphans and monsters?—nothing but smoking ruins and scaffolds?" She was taken away without even time afforded properly to dress herself, and she never returned more to her children.

At *Lyons* there frequently occurred one of those scenes of maternal tenderness, which never can be effaced from the minds of those who were witness to them. When the examination of a prisoner was finished, his fate was promptly and secretly decided; on which the jailor, who understood the signal of life or death, touched the prisoner on the shoul-

der, and said, "follow me." Both one and the other then left the hall and descended by a small staircase, which led under the vestibule of the *Hotel de Ville*, and again under the vaults of the great court into the dungeons of the place. At the first landing, near to the vestibule was placed a fence of wood; there, crowding round the rails, were mothers, more unhappy than their sons, waiting the final sentence from their judges. These women having learnt that their sons were on their examination, waited at this place to see the prisoners that descended. If the jailor returned speedily from the dungeon below, it was a proof that the prisoner was conducted into what was called the prison of favor. If his return was slow, it was reasonable to be dreaded he was taken to a dungeon at a greater distance, destined to contain those that were condemned to death.

As the prisoner, unknowing his fate, passed by this opening to the street, he beheld women with their eyes fixed, and mouths open, anxiously waiting for their sons; and

beyond, at a little distance, others on their knees, with their faces to the earth, bathing the pavement with their tears, regardless of the passengers, of observers, of the whole universe, fervently beseeching the author of life and death, to grant one and remove the other from the objects of their affections.



CHAP. II.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

IF, during the revolution, it has too often happened that married women have violated the vows they made at the altar, and trod under foot all conjugal duties, numerous instances are also to be found of wives constant in their attachment to their husbands, in the extreme of perils and misfortunes; sometimes extricating them from danger, and at others voluntarily consigning themselves to the same death. Honourable and delightful would be the task to inscribe in these pages the names of all those virtuous women, and to gather together all the records of their noble actions; but that is at present not to be accomplished, and may never be so; so many are the sacrifices that have been made by conjugal affection, during the too long continued trials of the revolution. May the few which we have assembled together, add a new grace

to that virtue which elevates the wife to the character and dignity of a consoling angel.

Madame DUDON, the wife of the aged and venerable M. Dudon, formerly attorney general of the parliament of *Bourdeaux*, having retired from the world with her family, lamented the imprisonment of her husband, and meditated in silence on the danger which threatened his life from the moment of the appointment of the revolutionary committee in that city. In this situation she learnt that it was not impossible, by the means of money, to procure her husband's release. A hundred Louis d'ors was the whole sum she could command from the wreck's of M. Dudon's fortune, which she had managed with extreme care for the support of her children. She kept the money concealed in a cabinet, which had more than once been examined by the rapacious agents of the revolution, in search of their prey. In the hopes of saving her husband's life, she made an offer of the hundred Louis d'ors to *Lacombe*, the president of the revolutionary tribunal, who agreed to take the money as the

price of M. Dudon's liberty. This unfortunate woman returned to her house agitated with hope and joy, and in the perturbation of her mind neglected nine pieces of the gold, which remained in a corner of the cabinet. She hastily returned to the agent and creature of the president, firmly persuaded that she had brought the sum agreed upon. The confidant of *Lacombe* counted the money, and finding only ninety-one pieces, was transported with rage, and having meanly insulted the unhappy wife of Dudon, declared in plain terms, that if she did not immediately return with the sum, he supposed she had secreted, her husband should be instantly sent to the revolutionary tribunal. Madame Dudon returned to her house confounded, and in the utmost dread of having lost the money; she found however, the nine pieces, and ran back to the vile agent of *Lacombe*. The moment the entire sum of *one hundred Louis* were in the possession of the president, he observed with great coolness, that the money was not sufficient, and that nothing less than a thousand pieces could purchase M. Dudon's safety.

The reader will easily imagine the terror and anguish of the unfortunate wife, when she heard this new demand. The president's eagerness to acquire the sum he had last demanded, accelerated the fate of M. Dudon; three days were granted to Madame Dudon to raise the thousand pieces; and with a declaration of this respite she was informed, that her husband would inevitably go to the scaffold if she failed to procure the money. Madame Dudon intreated for more time; she represented that her husband's effects were under the national seal, but that it might not be impracticable to raise the thousand Louis d'ors if M. Dudon were set at liberty. Fruitless were her prayers, the only answer she could obtain was—"*the money in three days, or* M. Dudon *goes to the scaffold on the fourth.*"

Driven almost to despair, Madame Dudon ran successively to each of her friends, and to every man of property of whom she had the smallest knowledge. She spoke in the most pathetic terms, some she implored by their kindness, and others she endeavored to tempt

by offers of large profit; but all were deaf to her prayers, and regardless of her tears. It was not that all were unfeeling, but unfortunately for this amiable woman, every person of property knew that the president of the revolutionary tribunal was eager to discover who, amidst the wreck of fortunes, had money left; and to betray any appearance of wealth, was that which most excited every man's apprehensions for his own safety.

Two days passed away in the fruitless attempts of Madame Dudon to raise the thousand Louis d'ors. On the third, in the morning, the extreme of despair conducted the unfortunate wife to the habitation of her husband's murderer, she threw herself at his feet, which she bathed with her tears. She uttered the cries of a frantic and disconsolate woman; she spoke in the name of justice, humanity, mercy: she begged only for one day. The monster whose pity she attempted to move, answered with these words, addressed to his infamous agent—"I am going to the tribunal, let me know if you receive the money at the time appointed."

The wife of Dudon no longer admitting of bounds to her anguish, rent the air with her cries, and acted with all the extravagance of despair. The term granted by *Lacombe* being expired, his agent appeared at the tribunal, and informed him in a low voice—"The money is not paid,"—instantly Dudon is called before the tribunal, condemned to death, and led to the scaffold.

The beautiful and accomplished Madame *Lavergne*, had been married but a very short time to M. Lavergne, governor of *Longwy*, when that fort surrendered to the Prussians. The moment *Longwy* was retaken by the French, the governor was arrested, and conducted to one of the prisons of Paris: Madame *Lavergne* followed to the capital. She was then scarcely twenty years of age, and one of the loveliest women of France. Her husband was upwards of sixty, yet his amiable qualities first won her esteem, and his tenderness succeeded to inspire her with an affection as sincere and fervent as that which he possessed for her.

That dreadful epocha of the revolution had already arrived, when the scaffold reeked daily with the blood of its unfortunate victims; and while *Lavergne* expected every hour to be summoned before the dreadful tribunal, he fell sick in his dungeon. This accident, which at any other moment would have filled the heart of Madame *Lavergne* with grief and inquietude, now elevated her to hope and consolation. She could not believe there existed a tribunal so barbarous, as to bring a man before the judgment-seat, who was suffering under a burning fever. A perilous disease, she imagined, was the present safeguard of her husband's life; and she promised herself, that the fluctuation of events would change his destiny, and finish in his favor, that which nature had so opportunely begun. Vain expectation! the name of *Lavergne* had been irrevocably inscribed on the fatal list of the 11th *Germinal, of the second year of the republic, (June 25, 1794)*, and he must on that day submit to his fate.

Madame *Lavergne* informed of this decision, had recourse to tears and supplications. Per-

suaded that she could soften the hearts of the representatives of the people, by a faithful picture of *Lavergne's* situation; she presented herself before the Committee of General Safety: she demanded that her husband's trial should be delayed, whom she represented as a prey to a dangerous and cruel disease, deprived of his strength, of his faculties, and of all those powers either of body or mind, which could enable him to confront his intrepid and arbitrary accusers.

"Imagine, Oh citizens," said the agonized wife of *Lavergne*, "such an unfortunate being as I have described, dragged before a tribunal about to decide upon his life, while reason abandons him, while he cannot understand the charges brought against him, nor has sufficient power of utterance to declare his innocence. His accusers in full possession of their moral and physical strength, and already inflamed with hatred against him, are instigated even by his helplessness to more than ordinary exertions of malice; while the accused, subdued by bodily suffering, and mental infirmity,

is appalled or stupified, and barely sustains the dregs of his miserable existence. Will you, Oh citizens of France, call a man to trial while in the phrenzy of delirium? Will you summon him, who perhaps at this moment expires upon the bed of pain, to hear that irrevocable sentence, which admits of no medium between liberty or the scaffold? and, if you unite humanity with justice, can you suffer an old man——" At these words every eye was turned upon Madame *Lavergne*, whose youth and beauty, contrasted with the idea of an aged an infirm husband, gave rise to very different emotions in the breasts of the members of the committee, from those with which she had so eloquently sought to inspire them. They interrupted her with coarse jests and indecent raillery. One of the members assured her with a scornful smile, that young and handsome as she was, it would not be so difficult as she appeared to imagine, to find means of consolation for the loss of a husband, who, in the common course of nature, had lived already long enough. Another of them, equally brutal and still more ferocious, added, that

the fervour with which she had pleaded the cause of such a husband, was an unnatural excess, and therefore the committee could not attend to her petition.

Horror, indignation, and despair, took possession of the soul of *Madame Lavergne;* she had heard the purest and most exalted affection for one of the worthiest of men, contemned and villified as a degraded appetite. She had been wantonly insulted, while demanding justice, by the administrators of the laws of a nation, and she rushed in silence from the presence of these inhuman men, to hide the bursting agony of her sorrows.

One faint ray of hope yet arose to cheer the gloom of *Madam Levergne's* despondency. *Dumas* was one of the judges of the tribunal, and him she had known previous to the Revolution. Her repugnance to seek this man in his new career, was subdued by a knowledge of his power, and her hopes of his influence. She threw herself at his feet, bathed them with her tears, and conjured him by all the claims of mercy and humanity, to prevail on

the tribunal to delay the trial of her husband till the hour of his recovery. *Dumas* replied coldly, that it did not belong to him to grant the favor she solicited, nor should he chuse to make such a request of the tribunal; then, in a tone somewhat animated by insolence and sarcasm, he added, "and is it then so great a misfortune, madam, to be delivered from a troublesome husband of sixty, whose death will leave you at liberty to employ your youth and charms more usefully?"

Such a reiteration of insult, roused the unfortunate wife of *Lavergne* to desperation, she shrieked with insupportable anguish, and, rising from her humble posture, she extended her arms towards heaven, and exclaimed—"Just God! will not the crimes of these atrocious men awaken thy vengeance! go, monster," she cried to *Dumas*, "I no longer want thy aid, I no longer need to supplicate thy pity: away to the tribunal, there will I also appear: then shall it be known whither I deserve the outrages which thou and thy base associates heaped upon me."

From the presence of the odious *Dumas*, and with a fixed determination to quit a life that was now become hateful to her, *Madame Lavergne* repaired to the hall of the tribunal, and mixing with the crowd, waited in silence for the hour of trial. The barbarous proceedings of the day commence—*M. Lavergne* is called for—The jailors support him thither on a mattrass; few questions are proposed to him, to which he answers in a feeble and dying voice, and sentence of death is pronounced upon him.

Scarcely had the sentence passed the lips of the judge, when *Madame Lavergne* cried with a loud voice, *Vive le Roi!* The persons nearest the place whereon she stood, eagerly surrounded, and endeavoured to silence her, but the more the astonishment and alarm of the multitude augmented, the more loud and vehement became her cries of *Vive le Roi!* The guard was called, and directed to lead her away. She was followed by a numerous crowd, mute with consternation or pity; but the passages and stair-cases still resounded every instant with *Vive le Roi!* till she was conduct-

ed into one of the rooms belonging to the court of justice, into which the Public Accuser came to interrogate her on the motives of her extraordinary conduct.

"I am not actuated," she answered, "by any sudden impulse of despair or revenge, for the condemnation of M. *Lavergne*, but from the love of royalty, which is rooted in my heart. I adore the system which you have destroyed. I do not expect any mercy from you, for I am your enemy; I abhor your republic, and will persist in the confession I have publicly made, as long as I live."

Such a declaration was without reply: the name of Madame *Lavergne* was instantly added to the list of suspected persons: a few minutes afterwards she was brought before the tribunal, where she again uttered her own accusation, and was condemned to die. From that instant the agitation of her spirits subsided, serenity took possession of her mind, and her beautiful countenance announced only the peace and satisfaction of her soul.

On the day of execution, Madame *Lavergne* first ascended the cart, and desired to be so placed that she might behold her husband. The unfortunate M. *Lavergne* had fallen into a swoon, and was in that condition, extended upon straw in the cart, at the feet of his wife, without any signs of life. On the way to the place of execution, the motion of the cart had loosened the bosom of *Lavergne's* shirt, and exposed his breast to the scorching rays of the sun, till his wife entreated the executioner to take a pin from her handkerchief and fasten his shirt. Shortly afterwards Madame *Lavergne*, whose attention never wandered from her husband for a single instant, perceived that his senses returned, and called him by his name: at the sound of that voice, whose melody had so long been withheld from him, *Lavergne* raised his eyes, and fixed them on her with a look at once expressive of terror and affection. "Do not be alarmed," she said, "it is your faithful wife who called you; you know I could not live without you, and we are going to die together." *Lavergne* burst into tears of gratitude, sobs and tears relieved the oppressi-

on of his heart, and he became able once more to express his love and admiration of his virtuous wife. The scaffold, which was intended to separate, united them forever.

Claviere, by birth a Genevan, was made minister early in the revolution, on account of his great knowledge of financial affairs. Being afterwards proscribed by the faction of *Marat* and thrown into prison, he stabbed himself to avoid the disgrace of the guillotine, to which he well knew the malice of his enemies had decreed him. The wife of *Claviere* was distinguished for her talents, for her devoted attachment to her husband, and for that sweet and modest character which had always kept her aloof from public affairs, till the hour of her husband's detention, when she labored with an admirable judgment, on the means to prove his innocence and obtain his liberty. She even imagined herself on the eve of success, at the moment that she received the fatal letter which contained his last assurances of affection, and informed her he had resolved to die by his own

hand, rather than permit his enemies the triumph of leading him to the scaffold. Her labours ineffectual, her hopes annihilated, the profound grief of Madame *Claviere* disdained all clamour, for it was incapable of mitigation. As soon as the public papers announced the death of her husband, she shut herself into her chamber for a short interval, during which she swallowed poison, and then returned with a calm but serious air, to receive the numerous friends who had hastened to her house to offer her their consolations. No one suspected her situation until the poison began to operate, when she summoned her family, and declared to them and to her surrounding friends, that she was then dying.

"My death ought not to afflict you," she said, "for it restores me to happiness, it gives me back to him for whom alone I existed, and whom I cannot endure to survive. Bless the memory of your father, oh my children, of that virtuous father who inspired you with the love of those sacred principles of truth and honor, from which he never departed. Weep

also, sometimes, for his unhappy wife—your disconsolate mother."

Madame *Claviere* then embraced her children, and desired to be left wholly to the regulation of her affairs; and notwithstanding the extreme pain she suffered, she applied herself with incredible vigor and activity, to make such dispositions relative to her property, as were appropriate to the separate interests of her family. Meanwhile she continued steadily to refuse medical assistance, and waited calmly for the moment of dissolution. An hour before her death she was dreadfully convulsed, and though insensible to every thing around her, the image of her husband seemed to be still present to her view; she was perpetually heard to exclaim with an impressive but broken voice, "Excellent man! I am worthy of thee! I glory in thy republican firmness, and I have followed thy example: thou hast given me the signal: receive the sacrifice of my life, which I triumph to render to thee, as the last the dearest tribute of affection!

Thus expired Madame *Claviere*, whose extraordinary talents would have placed her among the most illustrious of women, had she possessed vanity enough to make them known.

Madame DE B. deprived of her rank, of her fortune, and separated from her husband, found an obscure shelter from the calamities of the Revolution, in one of the suburbs of Paris, where she earned a scanty subsistence by the labor of her hands. Of the fate of M. DE B. she was entirely ignorant. Her seclusion, her fears, and her poverty, alike kept her from the knowledge of the miseries that had doomed so many of her relatives and connections to destruction; and although some months had elapsed since M. DE B. had perished on the scaffold, her only consolation was still the hope of their re-union; her motive still to labor, the flattering presentiment renewed from day to day, that some happy chance would yet conduct him to her indigent asylum.

In the midst of these cherished expectations the law was promulgated that banished the nobility from Paris within three days. Madame DE B. was overwhelmed with consternation at this decree. She had had incredible difficulty to find resources against absolute want, even in Paris; and she knew not how it would be possible for her to exist in a strange country, without money, friends, or protectors.

Thus helpless and destitute of resource, Madame de B continued in Paris notwithstanding the rigorous penalty attached to the law of banishment. Her obscurity and extreme poverty would, she imagined, shield her from the jealous observation of the government; but Madame DE B. had already been discovered and denounced by the Agents of the Revolutionary tribunal, and no sooner were the three days allowed by the decree at an end, than the committee of her section repaired to the house where she dwelt, to take her into custody, if she had not obeyed the law.

They found Madame DE B. alone in her chamber, and laboring for her daily support,

She received them with an air of dignity, and listened while they read aloud the order of arrest, without betraying any signs of emotion, till the following words were pronounced, "MADAME DE B. *widow of* M. DE B. *who was executed for conspiracy;*" when she uttered a piercing shriek, and fell prostrate on the floor of her apartment. The committee were astonished at this sudden transition; they raised her from the ground, and learned from her affecting lamentations the subject of her grief. "What," said one of them tauntingly, "did you not know that your husband was guillotined? Oh, that happened so long since that you ought by this time to be out of mourning." His cruel speech restored Madame DE B. to her fortitude. "Do you come," she answered, "to insult my misfortunes? but you shall not enjoy the spectacle of my despair. Know barbarians, that neither you nor your punishments can appal my courage; you cannot more thirst for my blood than I covet to die; and to give you every poſſible pretext to lead me to the scaffold, be assured, that I have never ceased to conspire for the restoration of royalty."

The zeal of the committee would not have slumbered without this declaration from Madame DE B; she was instantly committed to one of the prisons of Paris, and a few days afterwards guillotined.

Almost every city in France is honored, like Paris, with having been the scene where the conjugal tenderness of women has risen superior to the considerations of self-love, has baffled the decrees of tyrants, and given striking examples of that steadfast fortitude, arising from principle and affection, more honorable to human nature than the splendid impulses of instinctive courage.

At *Lyons*, when that city became the theatre of daily executions, a woman learned by chance that her husband's name was on the list of the proscribed, and instantly ran to avert the impending destruction by securing his immediate flight. She compelled him to assume her dress, gave him her money and jewels, and had the inexpressible happiness to see him pass

unsuspected. A few hours afterwards the officers of justice came to seize upon him. She had prepared herself to receive them, by putting on a suit of her husband's clothes, and answering also to her husband's name. She was led before the Revolutionary Committee. In the course of the examination her disguise was discovered, and they demanded of her, her husband.

"My husband," she answered in a tone of exultation, "is out of the reach of your power. I planned his escape, and I glory in risking my own life for the preservation of his."

They displayed before her the instrument of punishment, and charged her to reveal the rout her husband had taken. "Strike," she replied, "I am prepared."—"But it is the interest of your country that commands you to speak," said one of the committee. "Barbarians," she answered, "my country cannot command me to outrage the sacred laws of nature."

Her dignity and firmness awed even the members of the Revolutionary Committee,

and a noble action for once prevailed over their spirit of desolating cruelty.

In one of the western departments, a man of the name of LE-FORTE, accused of conspiring against the republic, was seized and committed to prison. His wife, trembling for his fate, used every means that courage and affection could inspire, to restore him to liberty, but without success. She then bought, with a sum of money, permission to pay him a single visit in his prison.

At the appointed hour she appeared before her husband clothed in two suits of her own apparel. With the prudence of not allowing herself, at so critical a juncture, to give or receive useless demonstrations of tenderness, she hastily took off her upper suit of attire, prevailed on her husband to put them on, and to quit the prison, leaving her in his place.

The disguise succeeded to her wish, LE-FORTE escaped, and the stratagem was not discovered till the following day.

"Unhappy wretch," cried one of the enraged committee, "what have you done?" "My duty," she replied, "do thine."

While the system of terror prevailed in France, multiplied acts of oppression fell upon the unfortunate victims of suspicion; yet the more rigorously the dungeons were closed against the relatives and friends of the imprisoned, the more ingenious and inventive affection became, in finding means of communication.

One of the prisoners in the Luxemburgh had a dog, who, it will be seen in the following recital, gave extraordinary proofs of sagacity, as well as of attachment to his master. Every day the dog watched an opportunity to pass into the interior of the prison, and, entering the chamber of his master, overwhelmed him with caresses. One day in particular his demonstrations of joy were so reiterated as to become exceedingly troublesome; but the more his master strove to render him quiet,

the more importunately the animal persisted in his caresses; he leaped, howled, barked, and bending his head downward, appeared to direct the attention of his master to his collar. Concluding the dog had been wounded by some accident, he then examined him, but finding no kind of hurt upon him, and being teized by his restlessness, he attempted to put him out of the room. The dog however, escaped from his hands, and displayed the same tokens, till his master took off the collar, when the animal again began to bark and to whine, but no longer with a tone of inquietude. Surprised at the manifest change in the manner of the dog, the prisoner directed his attention to the collar, and found that it held a letter from his wife, who, constantly repulsed at the door of the prison, had found this means of conveying her sentiments to him. He replied by the same courier. A regular correspondence was now carried on, and every day at a certain hour, the faithful commissioner of affection passed and repassed with his invisible message.

Madame du Chatelet had, during sixty years, enjoyed the public esteem, and the entire love and affection of her family and friends. It is true she had never known the happiness to be a mother, ; but she was surrounded with relations whom she considered as her children. Her generosity to these, however, never encroached on funds which she dedicated to the poor on her own estates, at Paris, and wherever she happened to reside. Her fortune was employed as if it had been given her on condition of her relieving all the distress it could reach.

With a temper benevolent as this we have described, *Madame du Chatelet* possessed a discerning mind, a heart naturally attached to whatever was good, unshaken courage in misfortune, and that rare modesty which enhances the value of such admirable qualities.

Madame du Chatelet survived her husband, who perished on the scaffold. She was detained in prison; but it was not her own danger that occupied her thoughts; her daily prayer was, that she might be called before

the Revolutionary Tribunal. Each time she heard the bell sound, her heart beat with joy in the hope that it was the signal of her execution, and when her hopes were deceived, it was then only that she shed tears. One of the refinements of cruelty of those frightful times was, the punishment inflicted on the tenderest of affections, as in this instance of *Madame du Chatelet*. Not only did the murderers of this excellent woman refuse to let her suffer at the same instant with her husband, but they extended the torture till they saw that she was gradually expiring beneath its excess; she was sent to the scaffold, and her noble deportment in this last scene was not the least brilliant circumstance of a life crowded with splendid actions.

In one of the prisons of Paris, among a multitude that expected their trial, was a young man of a most interesting figure and countenance, who was accompanied by his wife, an extremely young and beautiful woman. Happy that they were not separated in

this dreadful moment, this young couple fully persuaded themselves that the same blow would release them from this life, and unite their souls in a better world; and the sweet hope of a union that never could be dissolved spread inexpressible charms even over the horrid scenes with which they were surrounded. One day, while the youthful wife was walking in the court with other prisoners, she heard her husband called to the outer gate of the prison. She comprehended that it was the signal of his death: she ran after him resolved to share his fate. The jailor refused to let her pass. With unusual strength, derived from her grief, she made her way, threw herself into the arms of her husband, hung upon his neck, and with the most affecting cries besought them to suffer her to die with her husband. She was torn away by the guards. "Barbarians," she cried, "can you compel me to live?" at the same moment she dashed her head violently against the gate of the prison, and in a few minutes expired.

The singular and generous sacrifice made by *Madame de Mouchy* ought not to be forgotten. The *Mareschal de Mouchy* was conducted a prisoner to the Luxemburg; scarcely was he there when his wife entered the prison. The jailor observed to her, that the order for the *Mareschal's* arrest made no mention of her She answered with mingled gaiety and sweetness. "*Since my husband is a prisoner, I am one also.*"

When the *Marèschal* was carried before the Revolutionary Tribunal, he was attended by his lady. The Public Accuser having informed her that she was not called upon to appear, she replied, "*When my husband is called for, I also am called.*"

In a word, when sentence of death was pronounced upon the *Mareschal*, his wife ascended the cart with him, and when the executioner objected that she was not condemned to die, she answered, "*Since sentence is passed upon my husband, it is passed upon me also*".

The singular conduct of this courageous woman led to the issue she so ardently desir-

ed. She had the happiness to die at the same moment with him, whose existence alone made life interesting to her.

It is a fact well known to many persons in Paris, that the young wife of a person detained in one of the prisons, after vainly exhausting every invention and means in her power to see her husband for a moment, placed herself close to the gate of the prison, where she remained forty-eight hours wholly without nourishment. At length she fainted with grief, fatigue, and hunger, and lay on the ground four hours without assistance: the jailor being too much inured to cruelty to think of relieving her, and the passengers too sensible of the danger of relieving any one connected with a prisoner.

No one is ignorant that *Louvet* was among the deputies proscribed by the faction of MARAT, who eluded the pursuits of their enemies. The various dangers he in-

curred, and his critical escape, are related in an interesting work, which he published in the third year of the republic, under the title of *Memoirs for the history of my perils during the proscription.*

The most curious and important part of this work, is that which contains the relation of the means contrived by his wife for his concealment after his return to Paris. We shall here permit the author of FABULAS to speak for himself, lest otherwise we should diminish the interest of this wonderful event.

" Attend to me for a moment, said my wife one day. One consolation at least remains to us, which cannot be taken away : We will die together. This is my scheme : to-morrow morning I will look for a lodging in an obscure part of the town ; I will take it in my maiden name, and there I will receive you. I know that enquiries will soon be made about the new comer, and it will not be long before I am discovered, and then, supposing even that I am not suspected of concealing you, it will

be sufficient for the rage of our enemies to find in me thy wife, and the companion of all thy enterprises, to induce them to sentence me to the scaffold. Yet they shall not conduct me thither; as well as thyself, I conceived the plan of shunning their mode of death. Observe my love, that thus we shall gain eight days, or fifteen days, perhaps a month, or two months. Oh my husband! how much longer shall we live in this short space of time, than those who die of old age!

"I folded her in my arms, I pressed her to my heart, her eyes shedding the most delicious tears.

"But—I said to her, if it were but possible that one day without me life would be less insupportable to you—in time perhaps—

"Why this outrage, said she, interrupting me, in what have I deserved it? She fled from my arms, clasped her hands together, and raised her eyes to heaven.

"No, she cried, I swear that without thee life is a burden, an intolerable burden. Alone

I shall soon die, and die of despair. Ah, grant me, grant me this favor only, that we may die together.

"My wife began instantly to put her scheme in execution. She hired an appartment, and even before she had prepared the particular place of my concealment, I went to reside with her. The delicate hands of my LODOISKA, (this is the name which LOUVET gave his wife) her lovely hands, that had never been accustomed, as may well be imagined, to the trowel or mortar, in five days finished, without my aid, a piece of work so perfectly conceived, and executed with so much skill, that it might well have passed for the work of a master. Unless it were absolutely known that some one was enclosed in this little place, the outside of which appeared to be a wall, and a wall in which no opening could be discerned, I would confidently have defied persons the best skilled in the art of building to have found me there. If a knock was heard at our door, my wife proceeded slowly to open the inner of three doors which belonged to our apartments,

which she never did till she knew that I was secure in my asylum. In this little place I had a chair, a mat for my feet, and phosphorus to light a candle with. We had neighbors both on the same floor with us and below, and the walls and the planks of the floor, being slight, we covered the walls with a very thick tapestry, and the floor with a strong carpet; and that I might walk without being heard, my wife, always inventive and ingenious, made me slippers of coarse wool, with very thick soles of the skin of an animal, having the hair outward.

"Various other precautions of an inferior nature were provided and never forgotten; but this excellent asylum, and all my wife's tutelary cares, would avail little against a visit of the Committee of General Safety, or the Municipality. If, said my worthy companion, we hear a knocking in the middle of the night, we will not open the door; still less shall we desire to save the prey of our enemies from death. We will let them break open the firſt door. There ſtill remains two, which are

strong, and have locks and bolts. Your pistols are always under your pillow; not for our murderers, but for ourselves; in any case we shall have time to destroy ourselves, and I beseech you not to be the first to fire. Give me a minute, one minute only, that I may die before my husband.

"How often have we lain down, almost assured that we should open our eyes to close them again immediately for ever. How often when a lodger of the house came home at midnight, have we been suddenly wakened with a knocking at the gates, and then hearing it turning on its hinges, have we embraced each other and seized the instruments of death."

LOUVET owed his safety to the affectionate and intelligent cares of his wife, who from that moment, till the time when he could appear in public, and invoke the national justice, successfully concealed him from his enemies, and disappointed all their malice.

Before we conclude this chapter, we must shortly mention the following instances of cou-

jugal affection. *Madame Rabeaud St. Etienne*, wholly overcome by despair on the execution of her husband, threw herself into a well, where she perished.

In a manner very different from this, and infinitely more worthy of the passion we are endeavouring to illusrate, did *Madame Phelippeaux* prove her love to her husband. *Phelippeaux* resolved to engage his wife to survive his death. It was his last and only anxiety, that she should not fall a sacrifice to her frenzy or sorrow. He sought to dry up her tears before the event of his death took place, and endeavored to engage her feelings by consolations proper to effect them. Never before were painted with such vivid and impressive coloring the duties which bind the mother to the children; imposing on her the sacred law of preserving herself for their prosperity and happiness.

How eloquent and affecting are the words of the last letter he wrote to her, in which are plainly to be seen the presentiment, the assurance of the success of his noble arguments.

"Farewell, my lovely and unfortunate friend," said *M. Phelippeaux* in that letter, "if what I now write is my last legacy, and as I may say my last embrace on earth! there is another abode where virtuous souls, that have been united here, will meet again. Yet I do not wish that even there we may meet, till my boy, my Augustus, no longer has need of thy cares."

Phelippeaux's last wish was accomplished. The reluctance of his widow to live was overcome by the recollection of his reasoning. She continued to live, but the tears which she shed to his memory, attested the power that conjugal love still maintained over her gentle mind.

Madame Barnave who had always passionately loved her husband, survived him but to dedicate to a sorrow, which seemed to be her only occupation, the remains of her life. She died in a few months after her husband's execution.

The widow of *Camille Desmoulins*, young, amiable, and well informed, during the mock

process which condemned her to death as an accomplice of her husband and his friend, loathing life, and anxious to follow her husband, displayed a firmness of mind that was seen with admiration even by her judges. She frequently heard the questions put to her with a smile expressive of her conscious dignity. When she heard the sentence pronounced, she exclaimed, "I shall then in a few hours again meet my husband!" And then turning to her judges, she said, "In departing from this world in which nothing now remains to engage my affections, I am less the object of pity than you are; for you must feel all the unhappiness inflicted by conscious crimes, till the moment when an ignominious death shall overtake you."

Previous to her going to the scaffold, she dressed herself with uncommon attention and taste. Her head-dress was peculiarly elegant: a white gauze handkerchief, partly covering her beautiful black hair, added to the clearness and brilliancy of her complexion. On seeing her ascend the cart that conveyed her

to the place of execution, one might almost have supposed, from her happy countenance, that she was going to a festival. On the road she conversed in a cheerful manner with a young man who sat beside her, and who was also condemned to die. Being come to the foot of the scaffold, she ascended the steps with resignation and even unaffected pleasure. She received the fatal blow without appearing to have regarded what the executioner was doing.

The pathetic remonstrances of *Madame Dechezeaux* at the bar of the Convention, moved the assembly even to tears, and wrested from it a decree of vengeance against the assassins of her husband.

The gardens of the Luxembourg every day offered a scene as interesting as is possible to imagine. A multitude of married women from the various quarters of Paris, crowded together in the hopes of seeing their husbands for a moment at the windows of the prisons, to offer or receive from them a look, a gesture, or some other testimony of their love and fear.

No weather banished these women from the gardens, neither the excess of heat or cold, nor tempests of winds or rain. Some almost appeared to be changed into statues; others, worn out with fatigue, have been seen, when the objects of their affection at length appeared, to fall senseless to the ground, incapable of sustaining the violence of their emotions. There was a period when every external mark of grief on such occasions became a crime. How interesting was it then to see these affectionate and generous creatures, devising the most ingenious means to assure their husbands of the grief with which they were consumed. One presented herself with an infant in her arms, bathing it with her tears in the husband's sight; another disguised herself in the dress of a beggar, and, sitting the whole day at the foot of a tree where she could be seen by her husband, thus shewed that nothing could console her for her misfortune. The miseries of these amiable women were greatly enhanced when a high fence was thrown round the prison, keeping them at a distance from the walls, and when all persons were forbidden to

remain stationary in any part of the garden. Then they were seen wandering like shades, through the dark and melancholy avenues of the garden, returning to re-tread their footsteps, regarding with suspicion their companions occupied by the same sorrow, and casting the most anxious looks at the impenetrable walls of the palace. Lively proofs of the most tender affection; never will pencil be able to do you justice!

CHAP. III.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

THERE have been instances of filial affection during the Revolution, which do not seem to have their equal in history. Who would not delight to contrast these acts of heroism with the youth and delicacy of the females who have atchieved them—These monuments of sensibility, with the excesses of cruelty—These generous enterprises, this delirium of filial duty (as it may be called) which, amid the ruins of almost all the virtues, restored the human character to all its grandeur and dignity? It is delightful to paint men with circumstances of such exterior splendor, it is still more delightful to find in women the models for such a work. The charm by which we are naturally attached to them, adds a new grace even to their slightest acts of generosity. How happy then are we, when we can fairly cede the superiority to them in grandeur of

soul, and thus give a new and legitimate sanction to the partiality which we feel for the sex!

Mademoiselle Cazotte was the only daughter of her father, who at the commencement of the Revolution was seventy-two years of age. Closely connected with *La Porte* (the Intendant of the Civil List) *M. Cazotte's* fate was involved in his. Letters written by him to *La Porte* were found in the possession of the latter, and *M. Cazotte* was immediately arrested, and with his daughter taken to the prison of the Abbey.

A few days after, *Mademoiselle Cazotte* was pronounced innocent of the treason for which she and her father had been arrested, and an order came to the prison to set her at liberty; but she refused to partake of any other than her father's fate: she solicited and obtained the favor to remain with him.

When those dreadful days arrived, which were the last of so many Frenchmen, *Mademoiselle Cazotte*, by her interesting figure, and the eloquence of her language, was fortunate

enough to interest certain *Marsellois* who had quartered themselves in the Abbey, and these men saved her father's life for that time. In the evening of the second of September, after three hours of an uninterrupted massacre, a number of voices loudly called for *Cazotte*. On hearing the name, and perceiving the danger it menaced, the daughter of this old man went out to meet a group of murderers who approached. Her wonderful beauty, her extreme youth and uncommon courage, seemed for an instant to shake their purpose.

"What hast thou done to be here with thy daughter?" said one of them to *Cazotte*.

"You will find that," answered the old man, "in the jailor's book."

Two of them were detached to examine the books, and returned a few moments after, reporting, that *Cazotte* was detained as a decided Counter-revolutionist.

Scarcely was the report made, than an axe was raised over the head of *Cazotte*. His daughter uttering a shriek, threw herself upon

her father, covered him with her body, and disdaining to descend to unworthy supplication, she desired and demanded only to die with him.

"Strike, barbarians!" she said to them, "you cannot reach my father but through my heart!"

At this moving spectacle, on hearing these impassioned expressions, the assassins hesitated and trembled. A shout of *pardon! pardon!* was heard from an individual; it was repeated by a hundred voices. The *Marsellois* opened themselves a passage to the two victims, on the point of being slaughtered, surrounded them, and the father and daughter, covered with this sacred shield, were conducted with shouts of applause from that habitation of misfortunes and crimes.

Lovely and virtuous girl! at that moment you compelled the most detestable of men to pay an homage to your intrepidity. Your departure from a place of horrors was a triumphant procession, and you heard on every side

these words so honorable to yourself—"Let old age and beauty be respected by all."—You beheld the same hands, red with the blood of a multitude of victims, and a moment before about to be steeped in your blood and your father's blood, open a passage through a ferocious horde, panting for carnage. Ah, could you imagine, that having disarmed so many furious assassins, which it seemed as if no restraint could withhold from their savage purpose, you could not move the hearts of men whose duty it was to administer the law, but administer it with mercy!

After the institution of the Criminal Tribunal, *Cazotte* was again arrested. Nothing was left untried by the good old man to dissuade his daughter from following him to prison. Prayers, entreaties and positive commands, were here entirely fruitless.

"In the company of you, my father," said *Mademoisselle Cazotte*, "I have faced the most cruel assasins; and shall I not be the companion of your new misfortune, in which there is less danger? The hope of saving your life

again will support me; I will shew to your judges your forehead furrowed with age; I will ask them if a man, an old man, who has but a few days to linger out among his fellow-beings, may not find mercy in the eyes of justice, after having escaped the extreme of danger? If he whose white hairs could plead with assassins, ought not to receive indulgence from magistrates, one of whose attributes should be mercy? The voice of nature will again be heard, and perhaps I may again save you from the cruel fate which impends over us.

Melancholy presentiments were the father's sole answer; yet, overcame by his daughter's pressing entreaties, he permitted her to follow him to prison.

The gate of the prison however refuses to open to the daughter after *Cazotte* had entered. She flew to the Commune and to the Minister of the Interior, and by the force of tears and supplications, wrested from them permission to attend her father. She passed the whole of her time, day and night, near her father, excepting when she went out to solicit the judg-

es in his favor, or to prepare the materials of his defence. She obtained promises of support from the same *Marsellois* that had already rendered her such service in the former danger, and she interested in her behalf certain ladies of considerable influence, who promised to exert it for her father's life.

Unfortunate expectations! every human creature abandoned her in the fatal hour of trial!

When *Cazotte* was called before the tribunal, the old man appeared supported by his daughter, fronting the judges who must decide his and her fate. As soon as she was seen by the immense multitude that filled the court a sudden murmur of applause ran through the place, and she, with her eyes fixed on her father, endeavored to encourage and console him.

At length the cruel pleadings commenced. During the reading of the written evidence, and aftewards of the speech of the Public Accuser, the entire feelings of *Mademoiselle Ca-*

zotte were imprinted on her beautiful face. Every one noticed the variety of changes it underwent; the marks of fear and hope rapidly succeeded each other. Several times she was on the point of raising her voice, but her father, previous to their proceeding to the tribunal, had imposed the law of silence on her when he should be before his judges, and the slightest look of disapprobation was sufficient to retain her in silence.

Unhappy daughter! her filial affection subjected her to the anguish of witnessing the most trying of scenes. She heard the dreadful conclusions of the Public Accuser, which were the too faithful omens of her father's condemnation. Pale, trembling, and ready to sink on the ground, there was nothing but the voice of her beloved father that could sustain her in that extremity. *Cazotte* spoke to her in a low voice, pointing towards heaven, to which the lovely girl turned her eyes, and she seemed to be somewhat calmed. But it became absolutely necessary to take her away from her father when the sentence was to be pronounced.

Deep sighs were heard through the hall. This unfortunate and amiable girl had breathed a portion of her feelings into every soul. When she was so far removed from the court that her groans could not be heard, then she abandoned herself to a despair which it is not possible to describe.

The daughter of *Cazotte* had seen her father for the last time. Some persons who were interested in her fate, were permitted to enter the prison with the design of taking her away. At that moment she had fallen into a swoon. Having returned to herself, she was again plunged into the deepest despair. She wished to go to her father, she begged to die with him. It was not till seeing herself surrounded with her father's friends, and feeling their tears fall on her cheeks, that she admitted of any consolation, and this favorable moment was seized to lead her back to her family.

Most virtuous and generous girl! receive this small tribute of admiration which thy filial affection inspires. May its example go down

to posterity, and trasmit with thy name the love of virtue which distinguishes thy unfortunate life!

The same prison in which *Mademoiselle Cazotte* acted so illustrious a part was the scene of another event, which, by the similarity of circumstances, and the sensation it produced, deserves to be placed next to the story of *Mademoiselle Cazotte.*

Mademoiselle Sombreuil had been eight days with her father in the prison of the Abbey, when the unhappy massacres of September commenced. After many prisoners had been murdered, and the sight of blood continually flowing seemed only to increase the rage of the assassins; while the wretched inhabitants of the prison endeavored to hide themselves from the death that hovered over them, *Mademoiselle Sombreuil* rushed into the presence of the murderers who had seized upon her father, "Barbarians," she cried, "hold your hands! he is my father." She threw herself at

their feet, and kissed their hands reeking with blood. At one moment she seized the hand lifted against her father—the next, she offered herself to the sword, and so placed herself, that they could not strike the parent but through the life of the child.

So much courage and filial affection in a very young girl, whose tears and extreme agitation enhanced her uncommon beauty, for a moment diverted the attention of the assassins. She perceived that they hesitated, and seized upon the favorable moment; but while she entreated for her father's life, one of the monsters annexed the following condition: "Drink," said he, "a glass of blood, and save your father." *Mademoiselle Sombreuil* shuddered, and retreated some paces, yet filial affection gained the ascendancy, and she yielded to the horrible condition.

"Innocent or guilty, then," said one of those who performed the function of judges, "it is unworthy of the people to bathe their hands in the blood of the old man, since they must first destroy this virtuous girl."

A general cry of pardon was heard. The daughter revived by this signal of safety, threw herself into her father's trembling arms, which scarcely had power to press her to his bosom, and even the most outrageous of the assassins were unable to restrain their tears. The father and daughter were then conducted in triumph out of the prison.

Such cruel sufferings deserved to be followed by repose; but where was repose to be found in those unfortunate times? *Sombreuil* and his daughter were again thrown into prison, in the month of Nivose, second year of the republic. The affection of *Mademoiselle Sombreuil* for her father had but increased, and notwithstanding she had been afflicted with frequent convulsions since the violence she had put upon herself in drinking a glass of blood, her courage was not at all abated. When this amiable girl entered her new prison all eyes were fixed upon her.

Till the month of Floreal, in the third year of the Republic, *Mademoiselle Sombreuil* had the happiness to remain with her father, and

to soften the rigor of his fate by the assiduity of her services: at that period an order for his trial came from the Committee of General Safety. Although the most afflicting presages pressed upon her heart, she still maintained an appearance of composure before her father. "No evil can happen to you," she said to him, "to you whose life has been always virtuous. Justice will protect innocence, but if——" she said no more, and it was for the last time that she spoke to her father. *Sombreuil* perished on the scaffold in the month of Messidor, *(June)* and the existence of his daughter became a state worse than that of death.

In the prisons where whole families were crowded together, numerous were the instances of filial affection. Desirous only to die together, the members of a family were united together more strongly by sympathy. They consoled each other with the idea that they were about to meet together in a better world, and the passage from this scene of persecution

to a happier state was what seemed most desirable to them in their cruel circumstances. No doubt the sympathy we speak of added lustre to the story we are going now to recite.

When the ci devant *Marchioness de Bois Beranger* was detained in the Luxemburgh with her father, mother, and a younger sister, she forgot her own misfortunes to devote herself to the support and consolation of her family. A solicitude even maternal seemed to possess her, while she unceasingly watched over her afflicted mother, whose sorrows she alleviated by her tenderness, and whose drooping fortitude she animated by her example. At length the act of accusation arrived for the father, mother, and sister; *Madame de Bois Beranger* alone was exempted. The mournful preference filled her with anguish. "You will die then," she exclaimed, "before me, and I am condemned to survive you." Every moment encreased her despair, and while she franticly embraced her parents, she perpetually exclaimed, "Alas! alas! we shall not die together!"

While she thus expressed the transports of her grief, a second accusation was presented, and *Madame de Bois Beranger* the person accused. From that moment there were no more tears, no more exclamations of grief from this affectionate woman. Again she flew to embrace her parents. "See," she cried, displaying the act of accusation in joyful triumph, as though she held in her hand the decree of their liberty and her own, "see, my mother—we shall die together."

On the day of execution she dressed herself with elegance, and cut off the long tresses of her fine hair with her own hand. On leaving the Conciergerie to go to the scaffold, she supported her mother, whose excessive affliction was the only subject of regret to *Madame de Bois Beranger*. "Dearest madam," she said, in the tenderest accent, "be consoled. Why are you not happy? You die innocent! In the same innocence all your family follow you to the tomb, and will partake with you, in a better state, the recompence of virtue."

It was thus even unto death that *Madame de Bois Beranger* was so perfect an example of

filial affection, and carried with her to the grave the consciousness of having mitigated, by her zealous cares, the sorrows of her parents, and partaken with them the last rigors of their destiny.

Another affecting instance of filial tenderness is to be recorded of the family of *Fougeret*. The Farmer General *Fougeret* had been arrested for not paying a revolutionary contribution to the amount of 30,000 livres, and conducted to the prison of the Madelonettes, where he was regularly visited twice a day by his three daughters. These amiable girls adored their father, and desired nothing so earnestly, except to see him restored to liberty, as to partake his misfortunes in their utmost rigor and extent; nor was the fulfilment of their wish long delayed; for on *Fougeret's* being removed to La Bourbe, on the 29th Frimaire, second year of the republic, his wife and three daughters were committed to the same prison.

Thus united, though within the walls of a prison, the most entire satisfaction possessed

the minds of the female part of *Fougeret's* family; they were not merely content with having attained their desire, they were even gay and joyful, for their youthful and ardent tempers assured them that all their wishes would be equally prosperous, and that after being for a time their father's consolation in captivity, they should again enjoy with him the blessings of home and liberty. But so happy an event was not the destined reward of their filial piety. *Fougeret* was guillotined, and when *Madame Fougeret* rushed into the presence of her daughters, exclaiming, "*your father is dead,*" their shrieks and cries announced to the whole prison the fate of *Fougeret*, and the wretchedness of his family.

Shortly afterwards they were set at liberty, and retired from society to weep for the loss of a father deservedly beloved by his children, and worthy by his virtues and estimable qualities to have possessed the esteem of the world.

Madame de Malezey, with her father, mother, and sister, was engaged in reading Sene-

ca on the shortness of life, when she was summoned before the Revolutionary Tribunal. She saw the act of accusation delivered also to her parents and sister, and having embraced them, she courageously led the way to a gallery where a multitude of unfortunate persons were assembled, waiting their call before the Tribunal of Blood. The attention of *Madame de Mazeley* was instantly attracted by an old man, who, yielding to the desire of life, and a horror of his impending destruction, shed torrents of tears. "What," said *Madame de Mazeley*, "are you a man, and do you weep? I have not less subject for affliction than you: I am the mother of a family, and am separated from my children till we meet in a better world. Yet, behold!—these are my father, my mother and my sister; they are going also to death: and shall I weep for an event that leads me to this scene of misery and injustice, to unite us where sorrow and parting shall be no more?

All the persons in the gallery now crowded round *Madame de Malezey*, eager to receive

the consolation that her resignation and fortitude could not fail to inspire. The old man in particular dried his tears, and regarded her as an angel sent from heaven to save him from the bitterness of despair.

Madame de Malezey continued to possess her courage, and to give the same lively instances of affection towards her parents after their mutual condemnation. While they waited in the apartment from whence they were to be conducted to the scaffold, she produced a pair of scissars she had kept concealed, and approaching her mother, said, "Allow me to cut off your hair, Madam, such an office better suits a daughter than an executioner." She rendered the same service to her father and sister, and then presenting to the latter the scissars, entreated she would perform the like friendly act for her, as the last token of their attachment.

With equal firmness and tranquility of soul *Madame de Malezey* approached the place of execution, ascended the scaffold, and yielded herself to the stroke of death.

Madame Lachabeaussiere had the misfortune to marry one of her daughters to a man unprincipled and barbarous enough first to abandon his wife, and afterwards denounce her whole family as Counter-revolutionists. The accusations of this monster brought *M. Lachabeaussiere* to the scaffold, imprisoned *Madame Lachabeaussiere* with uncommon rigor at La Bourbe, and shut up the two unoffending daughters at St. Pelagie.

The lovely, interesting, but most unfortunate wife of this abandoned man was overwhelemed with affliction at the evils she had innocently been the cause of bringing upon her family, and after innumerable memorials and solicitations, she obtained the favor of being removed from St. Palagie to La Bourbe, where she expected, as the only possible consolation of her misery, to be allowed to attend upon her mother. At this time she was far advanced in her pregnancy.

For several days after her arrival at La Bourbe she was not permitted to visit the dungeon where her mother was kept close prison-

er, and this deprivation, together with her knowledge of the severity with which *Madame Lachabeaussiere* was treated, added so greatly to her affliction, that she frequently manifested symptoms of a disordered intellect—One day, however, *Madame Lachabeaussiere* was led from her dungeon into the common room of the prison—instantly her daughter throws herself into her arms, and during a long interval, they can only give utterance to sighs and tears. But these precious moments were speedily interrupted by the hard-hearted and inflexible Jailors; the mother was led back to her cell, and the unhappy daughter plunged into a fit of delirium.

From that hour her lucid intervals became less frequent; yet, absorbed even in madness with the remembrance of her misfortunes, she sought only her mother; her eye wandered from face to face in search of that well beloved countenance; if she was spoken to, she seldom heard or understood, yet was so perfectly harmless that they had no pretence to abridge her of the common liberty of the prison. If,

for an instant, she forgot her sorrows, and sat down to attempt some needle-work, or other occupation, she would suddenly rise, cast her work from her with indignation, and hastily traverse the galleries till she arrived at the door of *Madame Lachabeaussiere*'s cell, where she would listen in breathless agitation for some sound that should assure her of her mother's existence. If the silence within was profound, she would weep and bemoan herself in low and plaintive exclamations. If *Madame Lachabeaussiere* walked or made any noise, which the affectionate creature could hear, she would eagerly call to her through the door, and remain whole hours extended on the threshold, to repeat, "*Oh! my mother, my dear, my unfortunate mother!* Her voice was sometimes fraught with the moving accents of sorrow, at others betrayed only the wild discord of insanity.

By degrees the beauty of her person became impaired; she was no longer capable of attending to nicety, or the decorums of dress—her hair hung dishevelled upon her shoulders, and

by her continual practice of sleeping without any covering upon her head, it soon lost its fine texture and its glossy hue.

At every meal she constantly set aside the greatest part of her allowance for her mother, and in this one instance was certainly the means of prolonging the existence of *Madame Lachabeaussiere*, who, confined apart from the rest of the prisoners, was frequently neglected for days together, till her daughter came to rouse the attention of the jailors by her ever watchful solicitude.

One day, when this hapless creature had collected the portion of the day's provisions she had destined for her mother, she entreated for liberty to pass into *Madame Lachabeaussiere*'s dungeon. It happened that the jailors were seated at table, regaling themselves with a ragoo of hare, when this young woman, so interesting by her tenderness, so attractive by her graces, and so pitiable by her situation, appeared among them to solicit an indulgence then almost daily granted to her.

"Away," said one of the troop, "let your mother wait! we are not her valets!"

She burst into tears.

"So you cry, do you," said another; "well, I am very tender hearted, and I will put myself to some inconvenience to oblige you, but on two conditions—that you come and eat out of my plate, and drink out of my glass."

In vain did she strive to represent her disgust of such a demand. During her pregnancy too, she had entertained an invincible aversion to hare, and to eat from the plate, or drink wine from the glass of this man, seemed not less abhorrent to her feelings than to swallow poison. "Very well! very well!" said they, "no keys, then."

Filial affection rendered even such a humiliation supportable; she yielded to the conditions, amidst the coarse laughter and indecent raillery of the jailors, and half an hour afterwards obtained the price of her submission, in being admitted to carry the food, and to re-

main a few minutes in the presence of her mother.

At length she was delivered within the prison of a female child. In vain *Madame Lachabeaussiere* implored permission to attend her daughter, her prayer was brutally repulsed, and so inflexible in cruelty were her jailors, that they even refused to let her see the infant.

On the 9th Thermidor, (July 28th, 1795,) all that remained of the family of *Lachabeaussiere* were released from imprisonment, and delivered from the tyranny and oppression to which they had been so long subjugated.

The intellects of *Madame de Rozambeau* were unsettled by the griefs to which she devoted herself after the execution of her husband. Neither the consoling influence of her father, (the virtuous *Malesherbes,)* nor the tender caresses of her daughter, were able to calm the distraction of her mind. Yet when the act of accusation was presented, which comprised both her and her father, she appeared sudden-

ly to call together her wandering faculties. She hastened to find *Mademoisselle Sombreuil*, and addressed these words to her in a tone of rapture.

"Ah! Mademoiselle, you had once the happiness to save your father, and I—am going to die with mine."

This ray of reason was soon extinct forever. She went unconsciously to prison, and died upon the scaffold without appearing to understand her fate.

Not only in the prisons of France did the consolations of filial affection blunt the arrows of misfortune, but wherever the jealous government carried their terrors and proscription, this honored sentiment either averted the threatened danger, or weakened the sense of calamity to parents.

A Prisoner, whose name was *Delleglace*, was ordered to be conveyed from Lyons to the Conciergerie at Paris. His daughter, who had

never quitted him a moment from the time of his arrest, desired permission to travel with him in the carriage prepared for his journey. This boon she could not obtain; but what obstacles can subdue the strength of filial love? *Mademoiselle Deleglace*, notwithstanding the weakness of her constitution, and laying aside the timidity natural to her sex, set off on foot with the carriage, which she accompanied in that manner for more than an hundred leagues; she sometimes quitted the side of the carriage, but it was only when she preceded her father, to procure proper nourishment for him in the towns through which they passed, and in the evening of every day, when she ran forward to beg of some charitable person a covering, to administer to her father's wants, in the dungeon where he must pass the night.

The gates of the Conciergerie, which she reached at the same time with her father, now excluded him from her sight. Still the fortitude of this extraordinary woman did not give way. She had been accustomed to subdue the ferocity of jailors, and she could not be per-

suaded that she should plead for justice in vain before magistrates. Every morning for three months, she implored the justice and humanity of some who had influence, and her virtuous perseverence was rewarded with her father's liberation.

What pen can express the excessive joy of this happy girl when she carried the tidings to her father? Exulting in her success, she next thought of conducting him back to his home and family. She fell ill in an Inn on the road, worn out, no doubt, with the excess of fatigue during this unparalleled exertion. She had not the good fortune to witness the utmost benefit of her enterprise; she never quitted her bed, but died in her father's arms, still deeming herself happy to have saved his life at the expence of her own.

During the war of La Vendee the ci-devant *Duke de la Rochefoucault*, condemned to die, as was also his daughter, found in the resources of that affectionate girl the means of concealing himself till a period arrived more favorable

to that justice which he successfully claimed. His daughter's first care was to place him under the roof and protection of an artisan, who had formerly been a domestic in the Duke's service, after which she procured an asylum for herself. They were thus both secured from the immediate power of their persecutors, but as the Duke's property was confiscated, and as compassion is apt to grow weary of its good offices, the means of their bare subsistence were soon worn out. While the daughter was suffering under the extreme of poverty, she learnt that her father's health was declining for want of due nourishment. She now saw no way but to devote her life to save her father's, and she instantly made the resolve.

A general of the Republic at that very time was passing through the city in which was her place of concealment, and to him she wrote the following letter:

"CITIZEN GENERAL,

"Wherever the voice of nature is heard, a daughter may be allowed to claim the compassion of men in behalf of her father. Condemn-

ed to death at the same time with him who gave me being, I have successfully preserved him from the sword of the executioner, and have preserved myself to watch over his safety. But in saving his life, I have not been able to furnish all that is necessary to support him. My unhappy father, whose entire property is confiscated, suffers at this moment the want almost of every thing. Without clothes, without bread, without friend to save him from perishing of want, he has not even the resource of the beggar, which still furnishes a little hope, that of being able to appeal to the compassionate, and to present his white hairs to those that might be moved to give him aid: my father, if he is not speedily succoured, will die in his place of concealment, and thus, after snatching him from a violent death, I shall have to sustain the mournful reflection of having betrayed him to one more lingering and painful—that of dying of cold and hunger.

" Be the judge, Citizen General, of the extent of my misfortune, and own that it is worthy of pity. One resource only is left to me.

It is to cast myself upon your generosity. I offer you my head, I undertake to go, and to go willingly, to the scaffold, but give immediate succour to my dying father. Below I give you the name of my place of concealment, there I will expect death with pleasure, if I may promise myself that you will be touched with my prayers, and will relieve my old and destitute parent."

The soldier had no sooner read this letter than he hastened to the asylum of *Madame de Rochefoucault*, and not only relieved her father, but secretly protected both, and after the 9th *Thermidor*, procured the restoration of *M. de Rochefoucault's* property by a revision of their sentence.

Filial affection did not always find hearts equally disposed to be overcome by its ardent temper. During the counter-revolutionary struggles in the south, this sentiment, powerful as it is, could not touch the hearts of men drunk with religious zeal. A republican,

distinguished for the probity and firmness with which he had filled several offices in his department, was one day surprised in the neighbourhood of his house by a horde of rebels. Wounded in several places, he could only gain the threshold of his door upon which he fell. Drawn by the noise, his daughter, a girl about fifteen years of age, approached and saw her father lying bathed in his blood, and contending with the pangs of death. With a shriek of horror she threw herself on her father's body. Meantime the murderers reach the door, raise her by force, mocked her feelings, and treat her with a thousand indignities. The girl, insensible to all but her father's situation, escapes from their hands, and again throws herself upon his body, endeavoring by her cries to obtain some sign of life and feeling from him. Fruitless were her efforts, her father was already dead, and it was not long before the horde put an end also, by repeated blows, to her existence.

Who has not heard, and who has not shed tears, at hearing of that beautiful and interest-

ing girl, of only eight years of age, who went every morning to the *Place de la Revolution* to mourn and lament the death of her mother, who was executed there? This child took many precautions to escape observation; but her manner was at length noticed by some women who sold fruit near the spot. Being asked the cause of her tears, "Ah!" she said, "my poor mother whom I loved so well, died where I now stand; but, oh, do not, I beg of you, tell any one that you saw me cry; for that perhaps would cause the death of my brother and my sisters!"

After this guileless answer, which greatly affected her audience, she hastily retired, and was never seen there again. It was afterwards known that this early victim of filial affection died in a few weeks, bowed down by a grief she could not cast off.

Another child not more than five years of age, was well known in one of the prisons of Lyons as the sole consolation of her father till

he fell under the hand of the executioner. Every day at morning and evening, this little girl, light, airy, abounding with sallies of infantine intelligence, withal extremely affectionate, and possessing also a most beautiful form, came to the prison, to play with, and amuse her father. It was in vain that the jailors resolved to resist her little advances to gain their good will, she almost always prevailed and obtained leave to enter. If they gave a downright refusal, she then had recourse to little stratagems, waiting with constancy at the gate, and taking an opportunity when three or four persons entered the prison, to glide in among them, and then running with all her speed to her father, whom she would embrace a thousand times, caress in the tenderest manner, and with whom she successively laughed and cried.

This child seemed to have entered with almost incredible sagacity into the nature of her father's situation, and to comprehend the necessity there was for diverting his mind from its sorrows. She related to him every little

agreeable story she could collect, the news most talked of in her neighborhood, and the little anecdotes of her family. Nor was her father only relieved by her prattle, she afforded amusement to every one of the prisoners, and when she quitted them, she undertook their little commissions in the town. From this child was her unfortunate father torn away.

A family which had formerly enjoyed a high rank and great oppulence in France, retired to live in poverty and obscurity into the country, a little distance from *Dijon*. Two children belonging to this family had been taken into the protection of relations in more competent circumstances. The eldest son, obliged to serve in the army, left at home only one sister, who by her sole labor supported an infirm father, and a mother become blind with grief and excessive labor. Reduced by degrees to the last distress, the aged mother resolved to go to *Dijon* to ask for relief from the municipality. She was led thither by her daughter, but, in the interval that passed be-

fore she could obtain an audience, she and her daughter were compelled to traverse the streets of *Dijon*, to beg alms of the compassionate to save them from absolutely starving.

Being admitted to the municipality, the mother unfolded her situation, with that of her husband and children.

"It is no more than just," said the president, after hearing her story, "to give some relief to this woman, and I have no doubt that we shall each of us feel a pleasure in performing our duty in this instance."

"Ah, gracious God!" exclaimed the blind woman, "whose voice is that I hear? Do I find our good *Benedict* here? Ah! I cannot doubt it, it is certainly *Benedict* himself."

The Municipal Officer, in fact, who had just spoken, had formerly been groom to the father of the very woman who was now soliciting charity. Finding himself discovered by her, he was silent, lest he should confirm the suppliant in her opinion; but the poor unfortunate woman assuming new courage

from this circumstance, and thinking to enforce her claims by further appeal to this man, said, "Ah! my dear *Benedict*, have the goodness to speak a word in favor of thy former mistress. Call to mind that thou wast received a child by them and ever treated with kindness, and have pity on us now in this moment of our distress."

As she spoke these words the blood rushed into the face of the president, and his eyes rolled with fury. "What is the meaning, my good woman, of this language?" said he, affecting moderation in his voice, "my name is not *Benedict*."

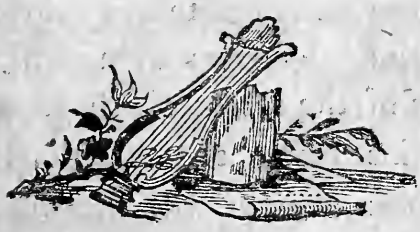
"Ah! forgive me, citizen," replied the poor woman, "if I am mistaken. The unfortunate are always ready to meet with those they have known in better days, and your voice is so like that of our *Benedict*——If I had had the happiness to have preserved my eye-sight, I should have known him any where by his high chest, his large mouth, his hollow and dark eyes, and his long and skinny fingers."

Unfortunate woman! she was drawing the portrait of the president. Her daughter plucked her by the gown, and the former groom darted at her looks of rage. "Good woman," he said at last, a little recovering himself, "we shall pay attention to your petition; you may retire now."

What had passed did not fail to become the news of the day all over the city of *Dijon*. The ridicule to which it subjected the municipal officer, inflamed the desire of vengeance, of which he already meditated the means, and to consign to death the author of the history which he had been so anxious to keep secret from the world, was what he resolved upon. He conveyed to the Revolutionary Committee a denunciation, declaring the woman pretending to be blind, and for some days past traversing the streets, led by her daughter, to be a Counter-revolutionist, formerly a woman of quality, and coming to *Dijon* expressly to pave the way to the return of royalty. This cruel denunciation had its full effect: the blind woman was arrested,

and a very few days afterwards condemned to die for having conspired to overthrow the republic.

This poor woman heard her sentence with the most perfect fortitude. Her daughter, permitted to attend her, never quitted her for a moment. "My dear child," said the mother, as she prepared to go to the scaffold, "I knew that you would not leave me in this last moment of my life." Profound sighs were the only answer of the daughter. She assumed courage, however, to walk by the side of the cart that conveyed the poor woman to the place of execution, and neither her strength nor resolusion failed tlil her mother ceased to live. She then fainted away, and a few days after fell a prey to her sorrow.



CHAP. IV.

INSTANCES OF AFFECTION IN SISTERS FOR THEIR BROTHERS.

THERE is no one generous sentiment of the human mind which has not been exalted by the conduct of women during the revolution to an extraordinary degree. The affection which forms the title of this chapter has also displayed its prodigies, and some of the actions it has occasioned well deserve to be recorded.

The sister of a bookseller named *Gattey*, expected his trial, in which his life was involved, patiently waiting for the sentence that was to determine the fate of a beloved brother and her own. Mistress of herself, and sole depositary of the secret which supported her through this scene, she mingled in a seemingly careless manner with the audience, entirely unobserved by any one; but no sooner had she heard her brother sentenced to die,

than she shouted aloud, and repeatedly, *Vive le Roi*, declaring that she would die with her brother. The tribunal did not afford her that mournful satisfaction. Her death was postponed to the following day, when she submitted to it with the most perfect tranquility.

In those dreadful days of human sacrifice which immediately preceded the 9th *Thermidor*, (*July* 28th,) a jailor made his usual visit among the persons confined in the prison of the street *de Seves*, to summon the destined victims to the scaffold. He ordered, that all the prisoners should appear before him in the court of the prison, and appeared to enjoy with a savage delight the spectacle of those who lingered trembling on the stairs, and of the weeping mothers who soothed and consoled their affrighted children. For some minutes did the attrocious man permit these unfortunate persons to endure the terrors of a suspence so awful, ere with a loud and stern voice he pronounced the name of *Maille*. A female instantly making her way through the

crowd, besought the compassion of all the persons she passed for her orphan children, and presenting herself before her jailor, demanded if she was the condemned person. On the jailor's referring to his list and reading aloud, she found that neither the christian name, nor the maiden name by which also the victim was described, belonged to her. The jailor perceiving his mistake, hastily interrogated her concerning the abode of the person he ought to have arrested. It was her sister-in-law.

"I do not wish to die," said *Madame Maille*, "but I should prefer death a thousand times to the shame of saving my life at the expense of her's. I am ready to follow you."

Happily the commission of the jailor did not extend so far, and the 9th *Thermidor* restored this generous woman to her family, who had not hesitated to secure the happiness of her brother by the sacrifice of her own life.

One of the finest models of affection that France has beheld during the revolution, is

that of the *Princess Maria Helena Elizabeth*, so constantly and nobly displayed during the misfortunes which overwhelmed her brother and his family.

This princess was the eighth and last child of Louis XV. and of *Maria Josepha* of Saxony, his second wife; but she had little cause to felicitate herself in being placed so near the throne, the least of her misfortunes was that of passing her youth and the age of happiness, under those restraints which the poli- of governments lay upon the females of blood royal. But if *Elizabeth* was denied the privilege of marrying, otherwise than as a state convention, it has been said, that seduced by examples, she yielded in secret to the licentious disorders of the court; yet, whatever imputations the breath of calumny may have spread upon her fame, her worst enemies must unite to admire and praise the benevolence of her heart, and her tender and generous affection for Louis XVI. her brother, and his unhappy queen.

It is already well known that she refused the pressing solicitations of her aunts to accompany them to Italy. No remonstrances, no entreaties, could induce her to change her fixed determination to partake the misfortunes and dangers of her brother: and with what an affecting constancy did she fulfil her vow, during the long series of calamities that at length conducted the heads to this unfortunate family to the scaffold!—We shall particularly instance her courageous exertions on the 20th of June, when, beneath the lifted poignards of assasins, she gave the sublimest example of sisterly affection.

During the early scenes of that celebrated day, the *Princess Elizabeth* inflexibly followed the steps of her brother. At one time, when the crowd around him augmented every moment, and menaces resounded from all parts, some voices demanded the Queen with horrid imprecations, "Where, where is she!" they cried. "We will have her head." *Elizabeth* turned towards the murderers, and said, with firmness, "I am the Queen."

Her terrified attendants hastily pressed forward to declare she was not the Queen.

"Pardon me gentlemen," said the princess to them, "I beseech you will not undeceive these men. Is it not better they should shed my blood than that of my sister?"

No distinctions of party can detract from the grandeur of such sentiments. Every heart that is accessible to the feelings of humanity must applaud her heroism, and regret that this couragious, tender, and celebrated woman, was not born to a happier fate.

When the royal family were prisoners in the *Temple*, the princess Elizabeth was their guardian angel, who fortified and animated them by the example of her resignation. Her thoughts never appeared to have herself for their object, as long as her brother, her sister, and their children, remained to be relieved by her attentions, and consoled by her affection.

By an unparralled refinement of cruelty, they deferred passing sentence upon the *Prin-*

cess Elizabeth to the year 1794. Her piety enabled her to endure this long and agonizing interval, and she appeared before her Judges with a placid countenance, and listened to the sentence of death with unabated firmness.

As she passed to the place of execution, her hankerchief fell from her neck, and exposed her in this situation to the eyes of the multitude. She addressed these words to the executioner. "In the name of modesty I entreat you to cover my bosom."

The city of *Lyons*, during the bloody executions which followed the reduction of that place by the Jacobins, affords also striking and memorable examples of that affection we are now celebrating.

One day a young girl rushed into the hall where the Revolutionary Tribunal was held, and threw herself at the feet of the judges.

"There remains to me," she cried, "of all my family only my brothers. You are

about to condemn them to death—Ah! in pity, in mercy, ordain that I shall expire with them."

Her prayer, accompanied as it was with all the marks of frantic despair, was refused. She threw herself into the Rhone where she perished.

In the same city, and at the same epoch, the sisters of a young man who was cast into prison, sacrificed a considerable part of their fortune to purchase an opportunity of passing into their brother's dungeon, and carried him at the hazard of their lives, such instruments as would enable him to effect his escape.

The young man was as successful as bold in the enterprise, and with the assistance of four of his companions in misfortune, he and they passed undiscovered from their dungeon.

There remained for the sisters of this unhappy youth another effort not less important, and perhaps more difficult than the former—

that was, to conceal their brother from the diligent search the government caused to be made for him. They performed this duty with as much ingenuity as affection, and after a long interval of danger and alarm, had the joy to see him outlive his perils, and restored to liberty and happiness.

It was the practice at *Nantes* and other places, to put a number of condemned persons on board a vessel, and sink them in the river. During these terrible drownings, a young girl, whose brother had been arrested, repaired to the house of *Carrier* to implore his protection in behalf of her brother. "What age is he?" asked *Carrier*. "Thirty-six years."—So much the worse; he must die, and three-fourths of the persons in the same prison with him."

At this horrible answer the poor girl knelt before the Proconsul, and declaimed emphatically against the barbarity of his conduct. *Carrier* ordered her to leave the house, and

even brutally struck her with the scabbard of his sabre. Scarcely however had she left his apartment when he called her back to inform her, that if she would yield to his desires he would spare the life of her brother. His proposition filled her with disdain, and restored her to courage; she replied, that, "she had demanded justice, and justice was not to be bought with infamy."

She retired, and learning that her brother was on the point of being conducted to one of those dreadful boats at *Paimbeauf*, she ran again to the Proconsul, hopeless now of his life, and entreating only that she might be allowed to give something to her brother that might support him on the way.

"Begone," replied *Carrier*, "he has no need of any support."

The brother of this unfortunate girl went to *Paimbeauf*, but before he had perished his sister was no more.

CHAP. V.

SACRIFICES MADE BY THE AFFECTION OF LOVERS.

THE Revolutionary Tribunal at *Toulouse* had condemned to death a young merchant of that city named *Causse*. As it was night when his sentence was pronounced, the execution was postponed till the following morning. A young woman, whom he was soon to marry, formed a plan from this unexpected circumstance, from which she drew the greatest hopes of saving his life. She had already disposed of a large share of her property to bribe those who might be of service on his trial. With the remains of her fortune she hastened to the proprietor of an uninhabited house, which joined the wall of the dungeon in which her lover was to pass the night, and having purchased the house, she repaired thither with a female servant, on whose fidelity she could perfectly rely. After

many hours passed in unheard of labor and perseverance, they pierced the wall contiguous to the prison, and then found little difficulty in making a passage large enough for the escape of the young man. There was still a danger to incur, of the most imminent kind. The prison was surrounded with *corps de garde*. For this also the young woman had prepared. She had taken with her military dresses, and giving one to her lover, and being herself clothed in the uniform of a *Gendarmes* she acted the part of a guide, and conducted him in safety by several centinels. In this manner they traversed great part of the city, and passed even within sight of the place where the scaffold was already preparing for his execution.

A young man of *Bordeaux*, cast into one of the prisons of that city, fell ill, and became every day more and more reduced by the unwholesome air of his dungeon. Being removed to the hospital, he was attended by a young lay sister, named *Theresa*. The

young man, whose name was *Du Bois*, possessed a fine and interesting figure, and he soon inspired his benefactress with a sentiment still more tender than the humanity which was the first cause of her cares.

The habit of being frequently with him, and of hearing him converse, but above all her compassion for his misfortunes, which she took a delight in making him relate almost every day, produced in her mind the firm resolution to attempt his escape at every hazard. Having communicated her design to him, but without disclosing her passion, it was resolved that he should fain violent convulsions, and and after some time appear to be dead.

Every thing succeeded in the happiest manner. *Sister Theresa* loudly deplored the death of her patient, and when the physician came his rounds, informed him that he had just expired. The physician turned his back, and went out without suspecting the stratagem. When the evening began to close, *Theresa* pretended that the body of her patient was

ordered to be given to the pupils of the hospital for dissection, and caused the young man to be carried into the room set apart for that purpose, by some who were in her confidence. Every means of success she had prepared with equal zeal and foresight ; in the room were deposited the clothes of a surgeon to whom she had entrusted the secret, and *Du Bois* having put these on, escaped without being observed by any one.

A stratagem of this nature, though conducted with peculiar address, could not fail to transpire ; it was in fact discovered the next day. *Sister Theresa* was interrogated, and too happy to have saved him whom she loved, she was above all dissimulation, and plainly confessed the truth. Her frankness, her generosity, her beauty, and a remnant of esteem for noble actions, which even party violence had not wholly destroyed, induced those to spare her who might have brought her to the scaffold.

The young *Du Bois* meantime had felt a mutual passion for his benefactress. No soon-

er did he find himself in security than he wrote to her, making a declaration of his love, and beseeching her to repair to his assylum. *Thercsa* did not long hesitate. Having made herself assured of the honorable intentions of her lover, she left *Bordeaux*, and having reached *Du Bois's* habitation, they both retired secretly into Spain, where the bands of Hymen completed their happiness.

The actions which love inspired were not always happy in their event. Sometimes they closed in the most mournful consequence.

A young widow, *Madame C——*, well known in the department of the North, both by her unusual beauty and her amiable qualities, had conceived a most pure and ardent passion for a young officer in the republican army. Included in the proscriptions which at that time deluged the country with blood, the young officer was suddenly taken from his post and imprisoned. On the first news of his arrest, *Madame C——* ran to solicit his

release; she was brutally repulsed; she entreated for leave to see him; she demanded to be imprisoned with him; but all was denied her. She flew to his prison, the windows of which opened into the street, and waited an opportunity to see him. The officer at length appeared at one of the windows, and at the sight of him she fainted away. Having returned to herself, she remained several hours with her eyes fixed on the window, although he was no longer there.

The next morning she returned to the same spot, where she passed the whole day. For several days following she did the same, bidding defiance to the weather, which was severe, and to the centinels, still more cruel than the injuries of the air.

One morning, at the very instant of her arrival before the prison, the most horrible of sights struck her eye; a cart had set off for the place of execution. She ran nearer to know if her lover was there, and saw him bound with many other victims. She threw herself upon the horses, trying to stop their

course ; she called the spectators to her aid, and besought them to prevent the death of these unhappy people.

She was seized by some of the guards, who were going to lead her away, but she disengaged herself from their hands, and fled back to the cart, upon which she hung, renewing her entreaties to the spectators to rescue the unfortunate victims, and poured forth imprecations upon the satellites of power, reproaching them with their cowardly obedience to the worst of men. Again she conjured them to unite her fate to that of the young officer. The guard appeared resolved to force her away. Then her cries assumed the tone of desperation. Perfectly frantic, she seized the sabre of one of the soldiers that pressed round her, and plunged it into her bosom. The blood sprung from the wound. The multitude were moved with compassion ; even the soldiers were struck with horror. The young man, for whose sake she had committed this act, uttered the most piercing groans, and so deplorable was his condition, that the companions of his

misfortune for an instant forgot their own condition to commiserate his wretched fate.

In a short time however, the body of *Madame de C.* was removed; the cart proceeded to the place of its destination, and all the condemned suffered on the scaffold.

The interesting *Madame C—*, after being long and passionately attached to a young man by whom she believed herself to be sincerely beloved, had the grief to see him abandon her for a rival, whose beauty and amiable qualities left her no hope of recalling his affections. While she mourned the inconstancy of her lover, they were each arrested, and brought together in the same prison. The heart of *Madame C—* was inaccessible to resentment. In contemplating her lover's misfortunes she forgot his perfidy, and even wrote the most affecting letters to her rival, in which she assured her of her pardon and sympathy, and endeavored to inspire her with a fortitude as stedfast as her own.

It was not long before *Madame C*— learnt that an order had been given for the removal of herself and the young man to *Paris*. In this measure she foresaw the certainty of their condemnation, and to escape dying by the hands of the executioner, she wrote, in conjunction with her lover, to entreat her rival to furnish herself with poison, and to be ready at such an hour, on a certain spot, which they should pass in their way to the vessel that was to transport them to *Paris*, where, under pretence of bidding them farewel, she might secretly convey into their hands the salutary drug: and dreadful as was their commission to this favored rival, she held herself bound to the sacred duty of fulfilling their last wish, though at the hazard of her own life. She appeared at the exact time and place, with the poison concealed; but new measures had taken place within the prison, *Madame C*— and her lover had been carried by land, and were already lodged in the *Conciergerie*. The lady followed, but her utmost efforts to obtain access to the prisoners were fruitless. At length she received a letter from the young man, who

earnestly besought her to allow him a last sight of her on his way to the place of execution. She had already made one great effort over her own feelings, and compelled herself for his sake to the second. The day arrived, she repaired to a house in the street of *Saint Honoré*, and waited in dreadful agony the moment of their approach. Meanwhile *Madame C—*, happy to be near her lover, and happier still to die with him, was tranquil amidst the lamentations of a crowd of weeping victims. When the car of death passing through the street of *Saint Honoré*, appeared under the windows of her less happy rival, the young man was heard to express his last vows to the object of his love: *Madame C—*, with uncommon grace and sweetness, also bade her farewell. She who was about to expire on the scaffold appeared even to triumph in her destiny, while her unfortunate rival, in possession of life, youth, beauty, and the gifts of fortune, sunk in despair. She fainted before the cart had yet passed the windows, and ere her senses returned, her friend and her lover were no more.

The conduct of another woman when her lover was condemned to die, was of a different kind, and deserves to be recorded, as well for the singularity of the circumstances which gave occasion to it, as the very extraordinary event in which it terminated.

Sophia M. was the only daughter of the *Count De M.* when the Revolution commenced. A little before that period she had lost a brother, the hope of his family. The *Count De M.* had given to the preceptor of his son a house and garden in the village of *M.* of which he was proprietor, together with the free use of his mansion house, as a reward for his care in the education of his son. The name of this man was *Durand.* Before the revolution he had been an ecclesiastic, and till that period had successfully concealed the character of his mind under an appearance of a rigid probity, and the most devoted attachment to his benefactor's family. Nothing was more foreign to his soul. In the proscription of the Nobles of that time, he founded the design of building his own fortunes,

and gratifying his enormous avarice. He successfully assumed the mask of patriotism, and began his enterprize by forming a numerous party among the peasants of the neighbourhood. As he foresaw that this conduct might render him an object of fear in the house of the *Count De M.* he had the address to persuade the *Count* that what he did was foreign to his feelings, and was done entirely for the interests of his benefactor, and to acquire the power of being a mediator between him and the violent party among the people. He managed with so much artifice that he actually produced certain circumstances that convinced the *Count* that in him he had a secret friend, on whose affection, zeal and authority he might rely to save him from any serious effects of the proscription.

Thus deceived, the *Count* had admitted *Durand* to a still more intimate confidence, and placed in his hands the most sacred secrets of his house. It was now that this hypocrite learnt that the *Countess De M.* had a brother, who had been a colonel in the regiment of

——, and was then an emigrant, and in the service of the princess, with whom she kept up a regular correspondence ; that *Sophia M.* was violently attached to the *Chevalier St. Andre*, who lived retired in a neighbouring *chateau*, and that to screen the *Chavalier* from the requisition, his marriage with *Sophia* was instantly to take place. He was also informed that the *Count De M.* had had an uncle lately deceased in England, leaving him his heir ; but that he might not incur the penalties of an emigrant, he had resolved to postpone to a more favorable opportunity his journey to England.

Upon these facts and many others, the knowledge of which he artfully drew from the *Count*, *Durand* laid the foundations of his guilty enterprise. Unhappily, other events but too well seconded his base designs. Become the mayor of his village, afterwards a member of the Revolutionary Committee, and one of the most active agents of the system of terror, he found it easy to prosecute his scheme at full liberty, and at his pleasure

to undermine the fortunes of his benefactor's house. He persuaded the *Count*, that his delaying his journey to England, to take possession of the fortune left him there, was so far from being advantageous to him in the publick eye, that this circumstance did but render him the more suspected, it being confidently reported that he only wished to deprive his country of a considerable property, and to leave it in the hands of the most inveterate enemies of the French Revolution. Betrayed by this reasoning, the *Count* resolved to go to England. *Durand* procured him the necessary passports, and pretending it as a mark of his affection, recommended to him a domestic, to whom he gave the character convenient to his purposes. This man was an unprincipled wretch, the creature of *Durand*, whose commission was to retain the *Count* in England under various pretences, till his name should be inscribed on the list of emigrants; or if the *Count* should be resolved to return to France, to destroy him by poison.

The *Count De M.* when he took a mournful leave of his family, recommended them to *Durand* as a sure friend, from whom he expected the most generous services. He besought him to avert from his house the dangers which might naturally be expected to threaten it during his absence, and promised him a reward for these important services, that would enable him to pass the remainder of his days in ease and affluence.

The base *Durand* seemed to enter cordially into every engagement which the anxious alarms of his benefactor required, and took his leave of the *Count*, invested with entire authority to enter his house whenever he should think fit, and superintend all its concerns. The excessive timidity of the *Countess* but too rapidly encreased the power of this fatal authority. She consented, at the instigation of *Durand*, and to avoid all suspicion, that the letters of her brother, the emigrant, should be addressed to himself, and thus she placed in the hands of this secret enemy a weapon to destroy her at his pleasure.

The only individual of this most unfortunate family, who had dived into the depths of this wicked man's heart, was *Sophia M.* She had often lamented the cruel necessity that had compelled her parents to place themselves in the power of *Durand;* she had even more than once remonstrated with them on the weakness of their conduct; but considerations more urgent, in appearance, than her suspicions, had as often silenced her arguments, and with the rest of the family she had, by degrees, yielded to the authority of this perfidious mediator.

Durand, who in a little time saw no obstacles to his projects of enrichin g himself by overthrowing the fortunes of his benefactor, now entertained another passion still more criminal than all that had hitherto occupied his depraved mind. He fed himself with the hopes of enjoying the charms of the amiable *Sophia*, and to dishonor her before he destroyed her. To accomplish this he saw that he must first separate her from her mother and the *Chevalier de St. Andre.* Nothing was more easy for him to effect. The correspondence

of the *Countess* with her brother, which he had intercepted and sent to *Paris*, served his purpose with respect to the mother. She was arrested by order of the Committee of General Safety, and sent to *Paris*. The *Chevalier de St. André* he secretly denounced for having withdrawn himself from the law of requisition, and an order arrived to arrest him, and send him to the army.

In these two events, the entire work of this consummate villain, he had the address to appear an absolute stranger to their origin. He even acquired from them a greater degree of influence over his victims, and the two families whom he sacrificed to his passions still imagined that they owed him their gratitude and their love for the interest he took in their unhappy fate.

Sophia, now in the hands of the brutal *Durand*, opposed to his passion a resistance made still more powerful by horror and indignation. To subdue her he was not ashamed to unveil before her all the blackness of his heart. He coolly told her that she was mistress of the

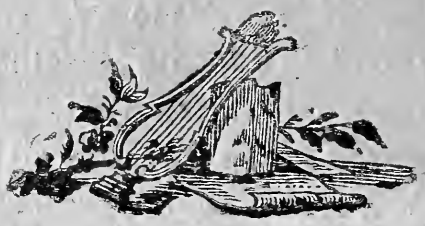
lives of both her mother and lover, and that any longer resistance would deliver them to the scaffold. This declaration discovered at once to *Sophia* the depth of the abyss into which her whole family, and that of the *Chevalier*, were plunged. She resolved at all hazards, if possible, to escape from *Durand* as soon as night should arrive. A country lad whom *Durand* had placed over her as a spy and guard, but whom she had moved to compassion by her tears, contrived the means of her escape, and served as a guide in her flight.

Sophia had a friend who resided at *Paris*, in the street *Saint Florentine*. To her she fled, and remained concealed with this friend till the fatal events which we are going to relate tore her from that asylum. The first was that of the condemnation and execution of her mother. Various were the means employed to save her mother in this extremity, and well may the reader imagine her despair when she found all ineffectual. But her misfortunes were not yet at their height. In-

structed by a trusty person of what passed in the house of the *Count De M.* the young *St. Andre* could no longer resist his impatient desire to save his mistress. Without reflecting on the consequences of desertion, he retired privately to the *Count De M's.* house, and from thence to *Paris* to *Sophia.* This amiable girl still continued to weep for her mother, when the arrival of *St. Andre* aggravated her misery by exciting new alarms. She received her lover however with unfeigned, though momentary transports. Absence, and her own sorrows, had rendered him still more dear to her. Alas! she imagined for a moment she had placed him out of the reach of danger, in the house of a sure friend; but the detestable *Durand* watched day and night over these unhappy people for their destruction. Informed by his agents that the young *St. Andre* had appeared at *M.* and again immediately taken the rout to *Paris*, he wrote to the Revolutionary Committee of the section of the *Thuilleries*, denouncing him as a deserter. The Committee discovered the asylum of *St. Andre.* On hearing of his

arrest, *Sophia* saw the whole extent of her new misfortune, and prepared herself for its encounter with a courage that appeared above her natural strength, greatly impaired by long sufferings ; she had the firmness to attend at the trial of her lover, and without betraying herself, to hear sentence of death against him. Her fortitude carried her still further ; she was present at the execution of *St. Andre* ; she followed his remains to a spot where they were thrown into a hole with other carcases. She purchased from the avarice of the man who superintended this species of burial, the head of her lover. She described the head, and offered a hundred Louis d'ors to the man for this service. The head is promised to her. She went home for a veil to conceal her prize : she returned alone, wrapt the head in the veil and was retiring home, but her bodily strength was less than the violence of her passion. She sank down at the corner of the street *Saint Florentine*, and betrayed to the affrighted passengers her deposit and her secret. She was sent to the Revolutionary Tribunal. who made a crime of this action, of her birth,

of her fortitude, and even of her misfortunes. She was taken from the Tribunal immediately to the place of execution, happy in contemplating a speedy termination to the long and sorrowful history of her life.



CHAP. VI.

HOSPITALITY.

THIS first duty of man in society has been too often dangerous to those by whom it has been exercised. Hospitality, during the proscriptions of *Marius* and *Sylla* was converted into a crime against the state. Few were the men who had courage to raise themselves above tyranny in those instances: but in that time, as well as in ours, many women displayed a courage superior to all hazard. Compassion, that sentiment which draws the soul towards the unfortunate, was in truth always the superior privilege of women. Their constitutions and habits naturally dispose their minds to softness and pity; sufferings revolt their delicate senses; the sight of misery afflicts their minds more profoundly than their own proper evils: and therefore it is, that they are more prompt to relieve, and possess more of that sensibility which acts before it

reasons, and has already performed the office of kindness, while man still deliberates.

When the chiefs of the *Gironde* party were fugitives in the south of France, and everywhere sought that asylum which was too often denied them by self-love and cowardice, *Guadet* found a place of succour and safety in the house of one of his female relations, whose name was *Bouquet*, not only for himself but for his friend *Salles*. The news of this unexpected relief being carried to three companions of those proscribed Deputies, they determined to beg this courageous woman to permit them to share in the retreat of their friends. A faithful messenger was found, and returned in a few hours with the answer : "Let them come!" said she. She only recommended to them not to approach her house till midnight, and to take every possible precaution not to be perceived by any one. Their safety in her house, which was what occupied her thoughts, depended greatly on these preliminary conditions.

They arrived at midnight. They found their friends lodged thirty feet under ground, in a large vault, whose entrance was so perfectly masked, that it was impossible for a person ignorant of the circumstance to perceive it.

However spacious this celler was, the continual residence of five men corrupted the air, which could not be renewed but with great difficulty. *Madame Bouquet* contrived in another part of the house, a second asylum, more healthy, and almost as secure.

A few days after that, *Buzot* and *Petion* informed them by letter, that having within fifteen days, seven times changed their place of retreat, they were now reduced to the greatest distress.

"Let them both come!" exclaimed this extraordinary woman.

All this time, no one day passed in which she was not menaced with a domiciliary visit; and no one day passed in which the guillotine did not lay some head in the dust. Too gen-

erous not to be suspected, *Madame Bouquet* each day heard the satellites of tyranny swear, as they passed her habitation, that they would burn alive in their own houses all who gave shelter to the proscribed Deputies.

"Well!" said she, "Let those inquisitors come! I am contented, provided you do not take upon yourselves to receive them: all that I fear is, that they will arrest me; and then—what will become of you?"

Petion and *Buzot* arrived, and then there were seven of them. The difficulty to provide for them was great; provisions were extremely scarce in the department. *Madame Bouquet's* house was allowed by the Municipality only one pound of bread per day; but fortunately, she had a stock of potatoes and dried kidney-beans. To save breakfast, it was agreed, that her guests should not rise till noon. Vegetable soup was their whole dinner. After the day had closed, the Deputies silently and cautiously left their retreat, and assembled round their benefactress. She was

in the midst of them as a mother among her children, for whom she devotes her life. Sometimes a morsel of beef, procured with great difficulty, an egg or two, some vegetables, and a little milk, formed the supper, of which the hostess eat but little, however entreated, the better to support her guests.

A month stole away in this peaceable security, with which was mingled the soft enjoyment of generous affection and grateful friendship; when the Deputies had unusual reason to fear for the safety of their benefactress. They forcibly expressed to her their apprehensions.

"Have I not lived sufficiently long," replied this admirable woman, "having given you shelter? and is not death all that is to be desired when one has done all the good possible?"

One of the generous circumstances, which adds infinite value to this extraordinary event, was, that *Madame Bouquet* carefully concealed as long as she could from her guests, the uneasiness which secretly consumed her, occasi-

oned by one of her relations, formerly the intimate friend of *Guadet*. This man having learned what passed in *Madame Bouquet's* house, put in action every means his mind could suggest, composed of lies and artifices, the fruits of a pusillanimous temper and a miserable self-love, to induce her to banish the fugitives from her house. Every day he came to her with stories more terrible one than another. Sometimes he declared, that he felt himself bound to denounce traitors put out of the sanction of the law; and then he would affect strong remonstrances in behalf of a family endangered by her imprudent conduct. He sometimes acted as if his mind was disordered by the terrors that on her account he indulged in: and, at length, fearing that he would take some sudden and desperate measure, endangering the lives of the Deputies, she felt it justice to them to lay her situation before them. Her voice was almost stifled with grief as she spoke to them.

There was but one course for the Deputies to take: they resolved to quit an asylum

which had been so happy to them; and the moment of their separation, so mournful to all, and so fatal and eternal to most of them, was fixed for the following night.

Sad effects of civil dissention! Exemplary virtue passes for a crime; and, instead of an altar reared to their glory, those whom it actuates are sent to the scaffold!

Suspected of having afforded an asylum to the fugitive Deputies, it was not long before *Madame Bouquet* was arrested, together with the whole family of *Guadet*. It is well known with what tenderness and ingenuity the father of that Deputy sought to save his son, who, with his friend *Salles*, had taken refuge under his roof. Carried before the Revolutionary Tribunal of *Bourdeax*, his judges were too prudent to question this venerable man concerning the concealment of his son: even they dreaded the touching voice of nature and the indignation of virtue. He was simply asked, why he had given an asylum to *Salles*: to which the old man answered by clasping his hands and raising them to heaven.

Witness of this afflicting scene, *Madame Bouquet*, as vehement in her indignation as she had been impassioned in her protection of the Deputies, had not power to listen in silence to such an interrogatory.

"Yes, monsters!" she cried, "Beasts of prey, fed with human blood! If humanity, if family affections are crimes, we all merit death." Throwing herself into the arms of the elder *Guadet*, she shed a plentiful shower of tears. "We have now only to die!" she added, pressing the old man to her bosom.

This picture, already too interesting to the audience for the wishes of the Tribunal, hastily closed the trial. When sentence of death was pronounced, *Madame Bouquet* sprang over the fence which separated her from the President of the Tribunal, with an intent to seize and destroy him, in which, however, she was defeated by the attendants. When the executioner was about to cut off her hair she cleared herself of his hands, and additional force was employed to hold her. But this frenzy of indignation was soon calmed by

the old *Guadet*, who, folding her in his arms, brought a flood of tears into her eyes, which relieved her oppressed heart.

Thus fell this admirable woman, whose magnanimity does as much honor to human nature as her execution disgraces the system under which she died!

Some time after the 31st of May, the outlawed Deputy *Lanjuinais* took refuge at *Rennes*, in a house that belonged to his mother, and of which an old female domestic had the care. The fear of terrifying this poor woman caused him, at first, to conceal from her his real situation: but having learned from the public papers the execution of *Guadet* at *Bordeaux*, and that the government had extended their inveterate proscriptions to the friends who should receive any of the outlawed Deputies, and even to the domestics who should not reveal the places of their concealment, he determined immediately to declare himself, and prevail with her to shun the

impending danger by instantly quitting the house.

The declaration of his misfortunes, so far from influencing this affectionate creature to avoid a participation of them, only made her resolute not to abandon him in his danger. "It is nothing to die;" said she, "but it is a great deal to save the life of one's master."

In vain *Lanjuinais* remonstrated, entreated, and even commanded, that she should think of her own safety: it was enough, he assured her, that she kept the secret of his asylum; while to remain near him served but to endanger her own life, without adding to the security of his. She rejected his reasons, and persisted to demand, as a special favor, the privilege of remaining with him. She prevailed; and it was owing alone to the zeal and precautions of this respectable woman that *Lanjuinais* escaped the researches of the satellites of tyranny till the fall of *Robespierre*, when his benefactress, in the safety and liberty of her master, reaped the fruit of her toils, and virtuous perseverance.

Rebaud de St. Etienne also, after the 31st of May, was compelled to fly from place to place, every moment in danger of falling into the hands of his pursuers; when *Madame Paysac*, an inhabitant of Paris, having learned that he was somewhere concealed in that city, took every possible means to discover his retreat, that she might offer him a more secure asylum in her own house. The worthy *St. Etienne* refused to avail himself of the services of a friendship that could scarcely fail to destroy the generous giver; but *Madame Paysac* insisted with an energy that would not admit of denial.

"What!" said she, "because there is some danger to be hazarded in the attempt to save you, would you have me leave you to perish? What merit is there in benevolence that is exercised only where there is no need of it?"

The scruples of *St. Etienne* were silenced by the perseverance of his friend; he was received into her house, and partook of every

consolation that his miserable state would admit of. But how rarely in these days could any unfortunate beings conceal themselves from the restless vigilance of the government! *St. Etienne* was discovered in the house of *Madame Paysac*, who speedily followed him to the guillotine, with the same intrepidity she had shewn in confronting danger to perfect his safety!

"Because you are outlawed, do not compel me to be inhuman!" was the answer of an admirable woman who had long sheltered *Condorcet* under her own roof, when that philosopher insisted on separating his fate from hers, on account of the law that condemned to death all those who gave asylums to the proscribed Deputies. Unhappily, the utmost efforts of this generous friend could not influence *Condorcet* to endanger her safety after that decree was passed. He quitted her house, and was soon after found slain by his own hand in a neighbouring village.

In the city of Br[illegible] sented himself before a l[illegible] and besought her to grant him an [illegible] gainst the dangers of proscription. There was something in the appearance of this stranger that at once inspired respect and confidence; his grey hairs, the traces that sorrow had left on his countenance, greatly affected *Madame Ruvilly*, whose compassionate heart was ever alive to the claims of humanity. She did not consider her own danger; she did not even enquire who the person was to whom she was about to give a shelter, that might involve her in utter ruin—he was unfortunate, and *Madame Ruvilly* could not resist such a title. She concealed him, and sought to lessen the sense of his misfortunes by her kindness and attentions.

At the expiration of two days the stranger came to take leave of her. *Madame Ruvilly*, whose pity and delicacy had forbade her to question him, could not forbear to express her astonishment at his abrupt departure. "I am,

said he, "a priest, if I remain ger here, my proscription will extend its fatal consequences to you. Suffer me to depart instantly, while you are yet safe, that I may not have the additional misery of bringing you to destruction."

"But where will you go?" said *Madame Ruvilly*.

"God will direct me," answered the stranger.

"What!" exclaimed *Mad. Ruvilly*, "know you not where to seek a retreat, and would you have me to expose you to such danger? Ah, no! I cannot consent to it. The more unprotected you are, the more it is my duty to shelter you. I beseech you to remain in this house, at least till a moment of less danger."

The old man resisted the lively instances of *Madame Ruvilly's* humanity, and was at length victor in the generous contest. Although this scene had no witness but *Madame Ruvilly's* sister, yet the argus eye of tyranny was not

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These two women s... with
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ment, the penalties attached t... e perform-
ance of a generous action.

We shall close the instances of hospital-
ity by a fact that one might well imagine to
be no more than the episode of a romance,
if it was not attested by persons worthy to be
credited, and if the revolution in it's extraor-
dinary career had not rendered almost any
tale probable.

A *French* refugee at *Brussels*, was surprised
in that city by the *French* troops in their vic-
torious entry after the battle of *Fleuris*.
Dreading to be made a prisoner, he fled. A

young girl, an entire stranger to him, who was sitting at a door, observing the terror and distraction of his air and countenance, seized him by the arm—"Stay!" she cried, you are lost if you go forward." "And I am lost if I return," he answered. "Then enter here," said the generous girl, "and be saved."

The Frenchman accepted the offer. His hostess informed him she was niece to the sexton of the neighbouring church; that it was her uncle's house in which she had received him, who would have been far from suffering her to exercise so dangerous a rite of hospitality had he been at home; and she hastened to conceal him in an out house, where she expected to leave him in security.

Scarcely was it dark when some *French* soldiers entered the same place to take up their abode for the night. Terrified at the situation of the *French* stranger, the girl softly followed them without being perceived, and waiting till she was sure they were asleep, she informed the refugee of his extreme danger,

and desired him to follow her. Their movement wakened one of the soldiers, who, stretching out his arm, seized that of the refugee, crying out "Who goes there?" The girl dextrously placed herself between them, and said, "It is only me, who am come to seek for——" Fortunately she had no occasion to say a word more; the soldier, deceived by the voice of a woman, let go his captive. She conducted the refugee into the house, and taking down the keys of the church, with a lamp in her hand she led him to that place as the securest asylum she could find. They entered a chapel which the ravages of war had despoiled of its ornaments. Behind the altar was a passage to a vault, the entrance to which was not easy to be discerned. She raised the door, and said, "This narrow staircase leads to a vault, the repository of the ashes of an illustrious family. It is scarcely possible they will suspect any person of being concealed there. Descend, and remain there till an opportunity offers for your escape." She gave him the lamp; he descended into this melancholy abode, and she

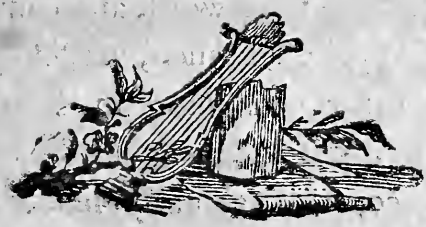
closed the door upon him. His feelings may well be imagined, when, examining this dismal place by the light of his lamp, he saw the arms of his own family, which had been originally of this country. He examined the tombs of his ancestors; he viewed them with reverential affection, and rested his head with emotion upon the marble that covered their ashes. The first day passed unperceived in the midst of these strong impressions. The second brought with it the claims of hunger, even yet more pressing than the desire of liberty, yet his benefactress came not. Every hour in its lingering passage now increased his sufferings, his terror and despair. Sometimes he imagined the generous girl had fallen a victim to her desire of saving his life—at others he accused her of forgetting him—in either case he saw himself doomed to a death a thousand times more horrible than that from which he had escaped. At length, exhausted with fruitless efforts, with agonizing fears, and the intolerable gnawings of hunger, he sank into insensibility upon one of the graves of his ancestors.

The third day was far advanced, when he recovered to a languid sense of his deplorable condition. Shortly after he heard a sound—it was the voice of his benefactress, who called to him from the chapel. Overwhelmed with joy as with weakness he has not the power to answer—she believes him already dead, and with a mournful exclamation lets fall the door that covers the entrance of the tomb. At the sound of the falling of the door the unfortunate man feels his powers return, utters a shriek of despair, and rushes with precipitation up the stairs. Happily the niece of the sexton had not left the spot—she hears the cry, lifts the door, and descends to save him. She had brought him food, and explained the causes of her long delay, assuring him that she had now taken such precautions that in future she could not fail to administer to his daily wants. After seeing him refreshed and consoled she quitted him, but had scarcely proceeded some steps, when she heard the church doors unlock, and the noise of a number of armed men entering. She flew back to the vault, and motioned the refugee to si-

lence. The persons who now filled the church were a detachment of French soldiers, who had been sent there to search for an emigrant the sexton was suspected of concealing. The sexton himself led them on. Perfectly unconscious of the danger his niece had incurred, and proud of his own innocence, he loudly encouraged their activity, and directed their researches to each remote corner of the chapel, that every spot might attest his good faith. What a situation for the two captives! The soldiers passed many times over the fatal door, led by their restless and prying conductor, and each footstep sounded to the trembling victims below as the signal of their death. The entrance of the vault however remained unobserved, the noise by degrees died away, and when the niece of the sexton ventured from the vault, she found the doors of the church shut, and every one gone. She again assured the *refugee* of her stedfast protection, and retired.

On the following day, and for many succeeding days, she regularly supplied him with

provisions, and the instant a favorable moment arrived for his escape, his vigilant friend conducted him from his subterraneous abode, and instructed him in the safest means to pass unmolested. Leaving the tomb he gained the country, and soon after rejoining his wife, her presence and affections taught him to appreciate still more highly the services of his generous benefactress.



CHAP. VII.

FORTITUDE OF MIND UNDER MISFORTUNES.

THE ci-devant Princess *Stainville de Monaco* united in her own person a rare assemblage of charms and graces, of wit and strength of mind. Arrested in virtue of the law of the 17th of *September*, the Revolutionary Committee of her section promised to leave her with a guard in her own house; they afterwards violated their word, and came to remove her to a prison, when, under pretence of searching for something in her closet, she eluded the watchfulness of the agents of the Committee, and actually made her escape. Closely pursued by the emissaries of the law, she had but just time to gain the shelter of a friend's house, who received her with enthusiasm, and guarded her for a while from the requisitions of her enemies. She imprudently left her friend's house to go into the country, and yet more imprudently ventured to return

to *Paris*, where she was arrested a second time, conducted to a house of arrest, and in a short time received her act of accusation.

In passing to the Tribunal she saw many other prisoners, who were standing to observe her. "Citizens," said she, I am going to death with that tranquillity which innocence inspires, I wish you all a happier fate." She then turned to the jailor, and drawing from her bosom a pacquet that contained a large quantity of her beautiful light-coloured hair, which she had that morning cut from her head with a broken pane of glass of her chamber window, she said, "I demand a favor of you, promise that you will grant it."

The jailor complied.

"This is," said she, "a pacquet of my hair; I entreat in the name of all who now hear me that you will send it to my son, to whom it is addressed; swear in the presence of these good but unfortunate people that you will do me this last office of kindness."

She afterwards addressed one of her attendants, who was included in her proscription,

but whose deep affliction formed a striking contrast to her fortitude and constancy.—"Courage, my good friend," said she, "courage! it is only guilt that should display weakness."

She heard her condemnation with the same intrepidity; but the remembrance of her beloved children suddenly assailing her, she made a last effort to save herself for them, by declaring she was pregnant. Being presently informed that four women had lately been executed notwithstanding their declaration of pregnancy, she disdained longer to persist in a useless feint, and addressed a letter on the subject to *Foquet Tinville*, which accelerated her death. When she was going to the scaffold she demanded *rouge*; "If nature," said she, "yields to a moment of weakness, let us employ art to hide it." She submitted to the stroke of death with that sublime courage and that graceful decency which rendered her last moment the affecting image of her life.

Madame Laviollette de Tournay, some days before her death, painted a hand supporting itself on a death's head, and sent the picture to her husband. If it were true, as she complained, that he had delivered her to the misfortunes she experienced, he must have received the striking allegory with the most painful emotions.

"The source of my tears is dry," said *Madame Laviollette de Tournay* on the evening before her execution, "I have not shed a tear since yesterday. This once feeling heart is callous to every impression of sensibility. Those affections that constituted the happiness of my life, are all extinguished. I do not regret any blessing past, nor anticipate any evil to come, and I look with perfect indifference on the moment of death."

"I will not encourage a hope," wrote another imprisoned woman to her friend, "because I will not purchase the miseries of a disappointment, I wait the result with firmness.

I shall view with rapture, no doubt, the moment that restores me to life and liberty, and I will look without despair on that which shall devote me to the grave."

A young girl of an interesting figure was brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal of *Lyons*, for refusing to wear the National Cockade. They demanded her reasons. It is not the cockade that I hate, she answered, but you bear it, and it appears to become the signal of crimes; as such, it shall never be placed on my forehead. A jailor, standing behind this courageous girl, fastened the cockade to her bonnet. She coldly took it off, and throwing it to the bench of the Tribunal, said, "I return it to you." She went out, but it was to death.

The extraordinary courage *Madame Roland*, wife of the ex-minister of that name, displayed during the series of her misfortunes deserves to be mentioned here; for it is, per-

haps, more by her courage than any other quality that this celebrated woman has merited the eulogiums which have been lavished upon her. The following is the account she has herself given of her first imprisonment :

" When I found myself inclosed within four dirty walls, saw a miserable bed without curtains, and a doubly grated window, and was also assailed with that disagreeable smell, which a person accustomed to cleanly apartments always finds in those that are dirty, I felt, indeed, that I was in a prison : yet, resolved to accomodate myself as much as possible to my circumstances, I derived some pleasure from observing that my chamber was sufficiently roomy, that it had a fire-place, that the covering of the bed was tolerable, that I was supplied with a pillow ; I forbore to make comparisons, and deemed myself not badly accommodated. In this temper I went to bed, and resolved to remain in it as long as I found myself at ease : I had not even left my bed at ten the next morning, when my counsellor arrived. He was still more affected by my

situation than on the preceding evening, and he surveyed my deplorable chamber, with which I was already satisfied, because I had slept well, with visible agitation.

"The commotion among the people was at that time very great, the drums were frequently beating to arms, and I was ignorant of what was passing out of doors.

"The tyrants shall not, said I to myself, prevent my making the most of life to my last moment; more happy in the satisfaction of my own conscience than they can be in the enjoyment of their fury. If they come to put me to death, I will go forward to meet them, and I shall quit life as one who enters a state of repose.

"When I went down to the apartment of the keeper's wife I found my faithful nurse: she threw herself into my arms, drowned in tears and choaked with sobs; I myself melted into tenderness and sorrow, reproaching myself for the tranquility I had enjoyed, while those who were attached to me were afflicted

with the most anxious alarms; and, picturing to myself successively the anxiety of one person and another, I felt an indescribable oppression at my heart.

"I never was accustomed to be expensive in what regards my personal enjoyments, and I have even a pleasure in exercising my courage in any accidental privation. A passion seized me now to make an experiment, to discover in what degree the power of the mind can narrow the wants of man. At the end of four days I began to reduce the quality of my breakfast, and, instead of coffee or chocolate, to take bread and water: I ordered a small plate of some simple dish with vegetables for my dinner, and in the evening a few vegetables without any desert. I first drank small-beer instead of wine, and then I discontinued the beer. As this œconomy had a moral object, and as I equally disliked and despised a frugality that had no other end than to save, I appropriated a sum for the poorer sort in the prison, that I might have the pleasure, while I eat my dry bread in the morning,

to reflect that they would have a better dinner for my privations."

When *Madame Roland* arrived at the Conciergerie, says the author of the *Memoirs of a Prisoner*, the blood of the twenty-two Deputies still flowed on the spot. Though she well comprehended the fate which awaited her, her firmness did not forsake her. Although past the prime of life she was a fine woman, tall, and of an elegant form; an expression infinitely superior to what is usually found in women was seen in her large black eyes, at once forcible and mild. She frequently spoke from her window to those without, with the extent and greatness of mind of a man of the first order of talent. Sometimes, however, the susceptibility of her sex gained the ascendance, and it was seen that she had been weeping, no doubt at the remembrance of her daughter and husband. This mixture of delicate feeling and heroic fortitude rendered *Madame Roland* still more interesting. As she passed to her examination, we saw her with that firmness of deportment which usually marked her

character : as she returned, her eyes were moistened with tears, but they were tears of indignation. She had been treated with the grossest rudeness, and questions had been put to her insulting to her honor. The day on which she was condemned she had dressed herself in white, and with peculiar care : her long black hair hung down loose to her waste. After her condemnation she returned to the prison with an alacrity that was little short of pleasure. By a sign, that was not mistaken, she gave all to understand that she was condemned to die. Associated in the same death with her was a man who had not her fortitude ; yet she infused a portion of her courage into his mind, in a manner so attractive and irresistible that he was seen more than once to smile!

When she came to the place of execution, she bowed to the statue of Liberty, and pronounced these words, ever to be remembered : *Oh Liberty ! how many crimes are committed in thy name !*

Madame Grimaldi, who was already distinguished for the firmness of her character, did not disgrace her name at that moment when courage ceases to be mere ostentation, and the mind shews its real form, with all its weakness as well as strength.

When the act of accusation was presented to *Madame Grimaldi* she mildly refused to read it: her features were not changed by any emotion of fear or resentment. She distributed to certain poor persons she was accustomed to aid, what money she had in her possession. She took a kind leave of her waiting woman and friends, and she bade adieu to her acquaintance, as one who on a long journey quits the companions of his route, after an intercourse with them which has at once been pleasant and useful.

The *Princess de Lamballe*, so celebrated for her misfortunes, was born on the 8th September, 1749. The history of her marriage, and the circumstances of her early widowhood, are

well known. Devoted to the whole royal family, she avowed in particular a friendship for the Queen. She had returned from London about a month before the affair of the 10th August entirely changed the face of the Revolution. She had been treated with great consideration in England, where she had offers of protection, if she had consented to remain till the troubles were over in France: but learning that new misfortunes threatened her royal friend, she returned, resolved to partake of her fate! It is difficult to find in the court of kings another such instance of friendship.

Madame de Lamballe was thrown into one of the dungeons of the prison of La Force after the 10th August. On the third of September, in the morning, she was informed, that she was to be transferred to the prison of the Abbey, and that she must immediately come down to the gate. She was still in bed; and answered, that she liked the prison she was in as well as any other, and absolutely refused to leave her room. A man, in the uniform of the National Guard approached the bed, rudely telling

her she must obey, or her life was in danger. She replied, she would do what they requested; and beseeching those that were in her room to withdraw for a moment, she hastily threw on her robe, and then called in the National Guard, who gave her his arm, and conducted her to the gate: she was instantly in the midst of the sanguinary Tribunal! The sight of arms and of assasins, whose hands, faces, and clothes were covered with blood, with the cries of the unhappy persons whom they were murdering in the streets, made her tremble with horror. They affected to begin an examination of the Princess:

"I have nothing to answer," said she, "to die a little sooner or a little later is perfectly indifferent to me; I am prepared for death."

"O! she refuses to answer!" said he who presided over this horde of murderers, "take her away to the Abbey!"

This word was the signal of death at the prison of *La Force*. The assassins seized on

their victim, and dragged her out. She had scarcely passed the threshold of the door, when she received a blow with a sabre on the back of her head, which made the blood to flow; a plaintive cry was the only expression of this unfortunate woman! Being dragged into the street, two men, who held each an arm, compelled her to march over the carcases of the dead! she fainted at almost every step. When at length she was so enfeebled, that it was impossible any more to raise her up, the assassins profaned her person with barbarous and wanton excesses.

It is impossible to relate all the attrocities committed towards this unfortunate Princess: it seemed as if hell, and all the furies of hell, were contending for portions of her body, which they dragged through the kennel, having first torn out her bowels! Adding derision to ferocity, they compelled a *friseur* to dress her head, which they carried in triumph, and by its side her breasts, which were cut off, and her heart, still bleeding, and other fragments of her body!

We will here preserve the memory of a courageous act of *Madame de Lowendal*, one of the friends of this unfortunate Princess. Having learned the danger of *Madame de Lamballe* at *La Force*, she hastily assembled some friends, dressed them in the livery of the assassins at the prisons, furnished them with sabres and pikes, covering their faces with blood and dust, and thus disguised, put herself at their head, and marched to the prison of *La Force*, with the design of entering it, and rescuing her from the impending danger. She arrived too late: the genius of Friendship was less active than the dæmon of *Orleans*.

That Prince hated *Madame Lamballe*, and had long vowed her destruction; and his desire of revenge was heightened by his rapacity, as he gained an hundred thousand crowns annually, a dowry which was assigned to the Princess on the fortune of the *Duchess of Orleans*, her sister-in-law. It being betrayed to him, that a sum of fifty thousand crowns had been offered to *Manuel* for the liberation of the Princess, the Duke dispatched a band

of assassins, paid by himself, to the Hotel *De la Force.* An Italian whose name was *Rotondo,* who for two years past had lived on terms of the closest intimacy with the Prince, placed himself at their head; and unfortunately those murderers arrived at *La Force* before the faithful troop of *Madame Lowendal,* who had the affliction to see the remains of her friend disputed by the ferocious horde!

Jealousy was one of the domineering passions of *Robespierre's* mind. Whatever drew the public attention upon any of his colleagues, or added to the celebrity of his rivals, excited his envy and malice, and became a torment to his existence. Among the multitude of facts during the dictatorship of this tyrant, which evince this, that which we will now relate is remarkable both for the singularity of its circumstances and its tragic issue.

An attempt had been made on the life of one of the rivals in power as well as in attrocity, of *Robespierre, Collot d'Herbois.* The Po-

pular Societies, the Sections, and the Constituted Authorities, had contended who should be foremost to facilitate the National Convention upon the escape of *Colot d'Herbois:* all eyes were turned upon that Deputy, and scarcely any thing was heard of but the attempt to assassinate him. At that time he played only a subordinate part in the Revolution; the first was unquestionably filled by *Robespierre;* who, fearing that his popularity thenceforth would decrease, resolved to seize on the first occasion to draw back the public attention to himself.

The visit of a young girl, who in a very extraordinary manner presented herself at his house, gave *Robespierre* the opportunity he sought, and a complete triumph. Without personal danger he received all the honours which with an envious eye he had before seen heaped upon *Collot d'Herbois*. Again, all the Popular Societies, the Sections, and Constituted Authorities, were seen on their way thronging to the bar of the National Convention; and *Robespierre* had the gratification to know

that they came to felicitate the country on the escape of the intrepid Defender of its liberties from the poniard of an assassin.

The interesting *Renaud* was nearly twenty years of age when she committed the very extraordinary act that *Robespierre* turned to his own purposes, and which conducted her to the scaffold. She had one of those figures which please without being beautiful, and often please more than beauty. Her features, taken separately, were far from being handsome; yet, from the vivacity of her manners, her agreeable countenance, and the elegance of her deportment, she was called the finest girl of her neighborhood. Her father lived in the *Rue de la Lanterne* in the city, and carried on the business of a paper-maker. He was a tradesman greatly esteemed among his brethren, and of unblemished reputation. He had seven children, to all of whom he had given a good education. Two of his sons served the Republic in the army of the north. Various were the conjectures at the time of the motives of the conduct of this girl; but none of them,

far from having any foundation in truth, had even probability on their side. We can assign no reason for her conduct, except that which she herself declared upon her examination and trial.

On the fourth of *Prairial*, in the second year of the Republic, towards the close of day, the young *Renaud* presented herself at the door of *Robespierre's* house, and desired to speak to him. Being told that he was not at home, she observed, in a peevish manner, that it did not become the Public Functionaries to be from home when persons wished to see them upon public affairs. The satellites of *Robespierre*, unused to hear their master spoken of with reproach, instantly concluded that the voice and manner of this girl concealed some important mystery: they crowded round her, and were all eager to put a thousand questions at once to her. She answered with a firmness which surprized and alarmed them.

"You have formed some criminal project," said one of them; "what brings you here?"

"I came," coolly answered this young girl, "to see what is the shape of a tyrant." The dependants of *Robespierre* trembled with rage, and had no longer any doubt that they beheld a second *Charlotte Corday*.

"We must take her before the Committee of General Safety." they all cried with one voice; "she is hired to assassinate the Saviour of the People!"

Two among them seized upon the young *Renaud*, and conducted her to the Committee of general safety. She was questioned by the Committee as to her name, her age, profession and abode.

"I am called *Aimee Cecile Renaud*. I am twenty years of age. I live with my father, who is a paper-maker, in the *Rue de la Lanterne*, near the *Rue des Marmozets*, in the Section of the City."

"Where were you arrested, and by whom?"

"I was arrested in the house of *Robespierre*, by persons whom I do not know."

"What motive led you to the house of the Representative of the people, *Robespierre*?"

"To speak to him."

"What was the business which you desired to communicate to him?"

"That would have been accordingly as I found him."

Did any one employ you to speak to Citizen *Robespierre*?"

"No."

"Had you any memorial to present to him?"

"I do not see that you have any concern with that."

"Do you know Citizen *Robespierre*?

"No; for that was exactly what I wanted."

"What were your motives for desiring to know him?"

"To know if he answered my purpose."

Being called upon to explain that last expression, she replied: "I have nothing more to say on that subject."

"When you understood that Citizen *Robespierre* was not at home, did you not betray impatience and ill humor?"

"Yes."

"Do you know the *Reu de l' Estrapade?*"

"No."

"Did you not say to the citizens who arrested you, that you would shed the last drop of your blood to restore the king?"

"Yes, I did so."

"Do you maintain that language still?"

"Yes, I do."

"What were your motives for desiring at

that time, and still continuing to desire a tyrant for France?"

"I wish to have a king, because I prefer *one* to a *thousand* tyrants; and I went to *Robespierre's* house merely to see what was the shape of a tyrant."

The Committee then ordered a parcel to be produced to the young *Renaud*, containing the entire dress of a woman, which she had left with a seller of lemonade immediately before her visit to *Robespierre's* house, and interrogated her on her motives for providing herself with this apparel. She answered: that well knowing she should be sent to the place where she certainly must go, she wished to be provided with a decent dress for the occasion.

"What place do you speak of?"

"To prison, and then to the guillotine!"

"What use did you purpose to make of the two knives that were found on your person?"

"None. I never designed harm against any living being."

After this examination the young *Renaud* was imprisoned in the *Conciergerie;* and the task of punishing her crime was delivered over to *Fouquier Tinville.* This worthy minister of *Robespierre's* passions neglected nothing in this affair that could flatter his master. He compelled the young girl to undergo several secret examinations, in the first of which he employed all the means that might terrify her into a confession, and an impeachment of her accomplices. She uniformly and steadily affirmed, that she never entertained the idea of assassinating *Robespierre;* but simply wished to see what was the shape of a tyrant.

In another examination *Fouquier Tinville* threatened, if she did not acknowledge her guilt, and give up her accomplices, to send her father, mother, brothers, and all her family, with her to the guillotine. "You may send me," she said, "to the guillotine for having formed the wish of once to look

upon a tyrant; but it must be the most attrocious injustice to destroy my family, who are innocent of that crime."

As she continued to give the same answers upon every interrogatory, *Fouquier Tinville* fell into rage, at what he called her audacity. His ingenuity contrived a species of torture for her. Perceiving that she loved dress, he gave orders to the keeper of the prison to take her clothes from her, and put on her filthy and disgusting rags. In this condition they compelled her to appear before the council, where the same questions and menaces were again repeated. Far from being ashamed of her appearance, the young *Renaud* jested with the Public Accuser upon the pettiness of his invention. In other respects, her answers continued exactly as before. It was then resolved to put her and her family to death. On the 29th of *Prairial*, this interesting girl was conducted before the Revolutionary Tribunal. As she entered the box appropriated to the accused, she saw among the associates of her misfortune, her father, and an aunt by whom

she had been educated. Her eyes filled with tears at the spectacle; but in a little time this extraordinary girl subdued her emotions, and regained her usual serenity. No less than eight carriages were prepared to conduct her accomplices to the scaffold. Among them were *Sainte Amaranthe*, her mother, and her husband, (the son of the ex-minister *Sartine*); the two *Sombreuils*, father and son; *Lamiral* (who had attempted the life of *Collot d'Herbois*); and other individuals, whose surprise was extreme to see each other condemned as accomplices in the same crime. This spectacle of 54 condemned persons, each covered with a red shirt, and surrounded by a strong guard, composed of *Gendarmes*, with pieces of cannon, who looked as if they were proceeding to a *fete*, was contrived to gratify the jealousy of *Robespierre*. All eyes sought for the young *Renaud*. The approach of death had made no change in her countenance. She calmly cast her eyes round upon the multitude. During the long time occupied in the march from the Conciergerie to the scaffold, which on this occasion was erected near the *Barrier du Trone*,

at the extremity of the *Fauxbourg St. Antoine*, she never betrayed one instance of fear. She was seen to smile more than once, and she frequently conversed with some of the companions of her misfortune. Being arrived at the place of execution, she descended from the cart with firmness, and embracing her father and her aunt, exhorted them to die with constancy. When it was her turn to mount the scaffold, she ascended the steps with cheerfulness, and seemed eager to present her head to the steel.

The answers of this young girl on her various examinations, might certainly inspire a suspicion of a design against *Robespierre's* life; but no other tribunal than that which then existed in France, could have thought itself justified in condemning her to death, much less in condemning her whole family, and even strangers, with her on the same accusation. Most fortunately the two brothers of the young *Renaud*, who were serving with the army of the north, and whom *Tinville* had caused to be arrested at their posts, did not arrive at *Paris* till two or three days before the 9th

of *Thermidor*. The pomp which the agents of *Robespierre* designed to give to the second execution, by delay saved the lives of these two young men. They were set at liberty after the 9th of *Thermidor*.

During the disastrous reign of the assignats, a family formerly opulent, consisting of a father, mother, and five children, pined in want in a small cottage at the extremity of a town. The father, whose temper was violent, supported his misfortune with an impatience difficult to express. He frequently considered whether he should not put an end to his life. His wife, observing the agitation of his mind, and knowing him capable of a rash act, meditated on the means of withdrawing him from his project. But the difficulty was, to find motives sufficiently strong. His affection for herself and his children, was rather calculated to push him to extremity; for it was evident he never thought on them without anguish bordering on despair. To propose to him to have recourse to

the charity of his neighbors, she knew, would wound his pride, which was excessive. Besides she was not certain of the success of that expedient; and she knew, that a refusal would be a thousand times more cruel than any species of torture. Even the resource of consolation was not left her, for her husband would not listen to any topic that might afford hope, but impatiently pressed her to die with him, and to persuade their children to the same resolution. Surrounded by so many subjects of discouragement, the wife never abandoned herself to despair. One idea arose in her mind, which she exprest to her husband with so much tenderness and courage, that it almost instantly restored his mind to tranquility.

"All is not lost," she said, "I have health, and our five children also. Let us leave this town, and retire to some place where we are not known, and I and my children will labour to support their father." She added, that if their labour was insufficient, she would privately beg alms for his support. The husband ruminated awhile over this proposition,

and took his resolution with a constancy worthy of the honorable life he has since led.

"No," he said, "I will not reduce you to the disgrace of beggary for me; but since you are capable of such attachment to me, I know what remains to render me worthy of it."

He then lost no time in collecting together the remnants of his property, which produced a hundred pistoles, and quitted the town with his family, taking the road to a distant department; and in the first place where he thought he was not known, he changed his dress for the coarse dress of a peasant, making his whole family do the same; and continuing his route, arrived at a town which he thought fit for his purpose: in the neighbourhood of which he hired a cabin, with a field and a small vineyard. He then bought some wool and flax to employ the girls, and tools to cultivate the land for himself and the boys, the use of which he hired a peasant to teach him.

A few weeks sufficed to conquer all difficulties. The example of the father and mother

excited emulation among the children; and acquiring a competence from its labour and constancy, originating in the courage of the virtuous mother, this family lived perfect patterns of peace and domestic union.

If celebrity be proportioned to the grandeur of events and the greatness of the personages concerned, never had woman a juster claim to renown than *Marie Antionette* of Austria, Queen of France. She was unquestionably the most important personage of the 18th century, as having accelerated great political Revolutions, given birth to the most dreadful catastrophes and quickened the progress of events; and as having been the object of more intrigues, hatred, and love, and the example of greater vicissitudes of fortune, than any other person of her time. No name in history is to be compared with hers, either for prosperity or misfortune.

It is for writers that are neither actuated by hatred, which disguises all things, or partiality,

which sacrifices all to its own cause,—it is for those who have not been affected either by the storms of the Revolutions or by the governing and changing opinions of every day and every hour, and to whom truth can make her way, disengaged from the train of the passions,—it is for such to write the history of this woman, whose name, as it passes down to posterity, will leave the most important lessons, and the most striking impressions. As for us, we shall confine ourselves to a narrow outline of the facts of her life.

Marie Antionette, Arch-Duchess of *Austria*, was born at *Vienna* on the second of *November*, 1755. She was daughter of *Maria Teresa*, whose brilliant success, after almost unexampled reverses of fortune, created such a sensation in Europe. But *Marie Antionette* had neither the greatness of character nor the talents of her mother.

Her marriage with the grandson of *Louis* the 15th, the presumptive heir to the French Crown, in 1770, was distinguished by an inauspicious accident, numbers of the spectators of

the celebration being stifled by the press of people.

Marie Antionette was tall, beautiful, and fascinating. Her voice was soft, flexible and finely modelled. She had great skill in music. She was versed in several languages; and possessed such a variety of accomplishments as did honor to her princely education.

Amidst the disorders of a court sunk in debauchery, she at first appeared resolved to preserve herself pure; and her conduct for a while drew the veneration of all France, as her beauty and affability had before gained her the general love.

A character so happily gifted, seemed not consistent with the blind zeal with which she afterwards threw herself into the torrent of dissipation, which at once formed the scandal of her own life, and the misery of France. History will tell how quickly levity succeeded to her modest deportment; how her free manners and nocturnal journeys have furnished arms to reproach, and food to calumny;

how her adventures and connections with so many women of infamous character stained her in the public opinion; how the famous story of the neclace, her libertine love for the emperor her brother, her avowed hatred to France, her open intrigues, in which she expressed a contempt for all decorum, her capricious expences in the midst of general distress, her ambition to rival in power the mistresses of her husband's predecessors on the throne—how all these have sunk, little by little, the path which led to her calamitous end.

The history of her life, as far as it can be cleared from the mass of writings which have appeared in her praise or defamation, will give us a standard by which we may appreciate her character.

In general she was too feeble to conduct great enterprizes, and too lofty of mind not to engage in them. Nothing was wanting to the success of her projects but experience and maturity of judgment. Her active imagination, and impatience of temper, precipitated

events, when the means on which they should have rested were not yet prepared. She was too much of a woman, she had too much the weakness of her sex to command success, and she was not enough of a woman to rely only upon her own proper artifices.

Of all the cruel vicissitudes of her life, after the downfall of the throne, the most painful was what she experienced in the Conciergerie, to which she had been coveyed to wait her trial. She was lodged in a room called the Council Chamber, which was considered as the most unwholesome apartment in that prison, on account of its dampness, and the bad smells by which it was continually affected. Under pretence of giving her a person to wait upon her, they placed near her a spy, a man of a horrible countenance and hollow sepulchral voice. This man, whose name was *Barassin*, was a robber and murderer by profession. He had been condemned to fourteen years imprisonment in irons, but the goaler, being in want of a keeper, prevailed on this man, who well answered his purposes,

to remain with him in that capacity. He was chiefly employed in conveying the filth out of the prison, and locking up of the prisoners. This personage was chosen as attendant upon the Queen of France.

A few days before she was brought to trial, this attendant was removed, and a *Gendarme* placed in her chamber, who watched over her night and day, and from whom she was not separated, even when she was in bed, but by a ragged curtain.

Marie Antoinette, in this melancholy abode, had no other dress than an old black robe, stockings with holes, which she was forced to mend every day, and she was entirely destitute of shoes. She remained in the Conciergerie from the beginning of *August* to the 16th of *October*, on which day she was sentenced to die.

One of the most splendid moments of the life of this unfortunate Queen was, when on the evidence of *Herbert* and *Simon* she was accused, in the face of the multitude assembled

to hear her trial, of crimes at which the human mind revolts, and in which the most sacred laws of nature are outraged. It was in the eloquent appeal that she made to mothers to repel these base calumniations, and in the accent of real grief with which she spoke, that she shewed herself truly great. The tyrants who sat upon this trial, and the assassins who waited for her death, trembled before the superiority which she exhibited in that moment; and *Robespierre* was known, after the event, to complain of the advantage given to the Queen by that accusation, at a time when every occasion of commiseration should carefully have been guarded against.

Those who saw her go to the scaffold, observed that her fortitude in that decisive moment was not less the effect of the struggles of her pride, than a firmness of mind and a disgust of life.

CHAP. VIII.

SELF-DEVOTION FOR GREAT OBJECTS.

IF it were possible to divest one's self of the horror of assassination, the grandeur of character possessed by *Charlotte Corday* would give an almost unparalleled interest to the following recital.

Charlotte Corday was born at *St. Saturnin des Lignerets*, in the year 1768. Nature had bestowed on her a handsome person, wit, feeling, and a masculine energy of understanding. She received her education in a convent, but disdaining the frivolous minutia of that species of education, she laboured with constant assiduity to cultivate her own powers, and hourly strengthened that bent of her imagination towards the *grand* and *sublime* which accorded with the inflexible purity of her manners, while it fitted her for that perilous enterprise to which, at the age of five-and-twenty, she fell a self-devoted sacrifice.

The *Abbe Raynal* was her favourite author among modern writers. She frequently quoted his thoughts and maxims. She delighted to explore new systems and theories, and the Revolution found her an ardent proselyte to that philosophy to which it owed its origin.

Her love of study rendered her careless of the homage that her beauty attracted, and her desire of independence caused her to refuse many offers of marriage from men, to whom her heart was indifferent. But even philosophy and patriotism could not always render the breast of their fair and heroic disciple invulnerable to the shaft of love. The young and handsome *Belzunce*, Major *en second* of the regiment of Bourbon, quartered at *Caen*, became devoted to her, and succeeded to inspire her with a passion as virtuous as profound. This young officer was massacred on the 11th of *August* 1789, by a furious multitude, after *Marat*, in several successive numbers of his journal called *L'Ami du Peuple*, had denounced the unfortunate *Belzunce* as a counter-revolutionist.

From that moment the soul of *Charlotte Corday* knew no happiness, and reposed only on the desire of vengeance upon him whom she believed to be the author of her misery.

Her hatred of *Marat* became yet more vehement after the events of the 31st of *May*, when she beheld him who had decreed the death of *Belzunce* now master as it were of the destiny of France; while the deputies, whose principles she loved, and whose talents she honoured, were proscribed, and destitute fugitives, and looking vainly to their country, to Frenchmen, and the laws, to save them from the out-stretched sword of tyranny.—Then it was that *Charlotte Corday* resolved to satisfy the vengeance of her love, and snatch her country from the grasp of the tyrant.

To execute with preservance and caution that which she had planned upon principle, was natural to the determined and steady mind of *Charlotte Corday*. She left *Caen* on the 9th of *July* 1793, and arrived about noon on the third day at *Paris*. Some commissions with which she was charged by her family and

friends, occupied her the first day after her arrival. Early on the next morning she went to the *Palais Royal*, bought a knife, and getting into a hackney coach, drove to the house of *Marat*. It was not then possible for her to obtain an audience of him, though she left nothing unessayed that she thought likely to influence, in her favour, the persons who denied her admittance.

Being returned to her hotel, she wrote the following letter to *Marat*:

"*Citizen*,

I am just arrived from *Caen*.—Your love for your country inclines me to suppose you will listen with pleasure to the secret events of that part of the republic. I will present myself at your house; have the goodness to give orders for my admission, and grant me a moment's private conversation —I can point out the means by which you may render an important service to France."

In the fear that this letter might not produce the effect she desired upon *Marat*, she wrote

a second letter still more pressing, which she intended to carry with her and leave for him in case she was not received. It was expressed as follows. "I wrote to you this morning Citizen *Marat*. Have you received my letter? I cannot imagine it is possible you have when I find your door still closed against me. I entreat that you will grant me an interview to-morrow. I repeat—that I come from *Caen* —that I have secrets to reveal to you of the highest importance to the safety of the republic. Besides, I am cruelly persecuted for the cause of liberty. I am unfortunate; to say that, is sufficient to entitle me to your protection."

It was unnecessary to present the second letter, for when *Charlotte Corday* arrived at the house of *Marat* between seven and eight in the evening, and spoke impressively of her desire to see him to the women who opened the door, *Marat*, who heard her from his bath, where he then was, concluded it was the person from whom he had received the letter of the morning; and ordered that she should immediately be admitted.

Being left alone with him whom she intended to immolate to the manes of her lover and the injuries of her country, and sitting close by his side, she answered, with the most perfect self-possession, to his eager questions concerning the proscribed Deputies that were at *Caen*. He demanded their names, with those of the magistrates of *Calvados*, all of whom she named accurately. While he wrote memorandums of their conversation upon his tablets, *Charlotte Corday* measured with her eye the spot whereon to strike, when *Marat* having said that all these Deputies and their accomplices should presently expiate their treason upon the scaffold, her indignation received his words as the signal of vengeance; she snatched the weapon from her bosom, and buried the entire knife in his heart! A single exclamation escaped the miserable wretch: "*For me!*" he said, and expired.

Tranquil and unmoved amidst the general consternation, *Charlotte Corday*, as if she proposed to atone for the murder, however she deemed it necessary, by a public death, did

not even attempt her escape. She had received several violent blows on the head from a neighbour of *Marat*, the person who ran into the room on hearing the news of his assassination; but when the armed force arrived, she put herself under their protection. An officer of the police drew up minutes of the assassination, which she cheerfully signed, and was then conveyed to the prison of the Abbey.

Calumniated, abused, and even personally ill-treated by the faction of *Marat*, she was three days exposed in her dungeon to all their insults and ill-usage before she was brought to trial. During this interval she had found means to write to her father, imploring his forgiveness for having thus disposed of her life without his concurrence.

It was in the presence of the men about to decide upon her death that one should have seen *Charlotte Corday*, to have felt the grandeur of her character. The records of the trial and her own letters give but a faint picture of her dignified and noble deportment.—

If she spoke to her judges, it was neither with the wild energy of a demoniac, nor did she affect the language of innocence; it was with the self-satisfaction of a voluntary victim, who feels it natural to devote her life to the salvation of her country, and who did not welcome death as the expiation of a crime, but received it as the inevitable consequence of a mighty effort to avenge the injuries of a nation. While the curses of an incensed and prejudiced people resounded on all sides, she betrayed neither scorn nor indignation.—— When she looked upon the angry multitude her eyes expressed a generous pity for the sufferings and delusion of her countrymen. If she despised the men who sat in judgment on her life, she forbore to insult them; but replied to their reiterated questions with a composure and presence of mind that astonished them. While her face and person were animated with the bloom of youth and beauty, her words were graced with the eloquence of a sage!

The defence made by her Counsel deserves

to be recorded here for its peculiar propriety in her circumstances :

" You have heard," said her Counsel, altogether confounded by the courage she had displayed, " the answers of the prisoner ; she acknowledges her guilt ; she even acknowledges, in a very deliberate manner, her long premeditation of the event. She has not suffered any of the most revolting of its circumstances to pass unnoticed by you. She confesses the whole charge, and does not seek in any manner to justify herself. This immoveable temper, this absolute desertion of self, in the very presence, I may say, of death, this absence of all remorse, these are so far from being natural, that they can be only resolved into that political phrensy, which places the poniard in the hands of a maniac : and it is for you, citizens jurors, to determine what weight this consideration ought to have in the balance of justice."

After the tumult and loud applauses that followed her condemnation had ceased, she

addressed herself to her Counsel: "You have defended me," she said, "in a manner as generous as delicate; it was the only one that could have rendered me that service which was your object: accept my thanks and my esteem. These gentlemen inform me that my property is confiscated: but there are some little debts to pay in my prison; and as a proof of the esteem I bear you, I give the performance of this my last duty into your hands."

The hour of her punishment had drawn immense crowds into every avenue to the place of execution. When she appeared alone with the executioner in the cart, in despite of the constrained attitude in which she sat, and of the disorder of her dress, (for with a littleness of malice, they had despoiled her of every thing that could contribute to the decency of her appearance) she excited the silent admiration of those even who were hired to curse her. One man alone had courage to raise his voice in her praise: he was a Deputy from the city of Mentz; his name was *Adam Lux*. He cried: *She is greater than Brutus!* He pub-

lished the same sentiment, and signed his own condemnation. He was shortly after guillotined.

The wife of *Lepinai*, a General in the *Vendean* army, was impris ned at *Nantes*, and attended by a young girl a native of *Châtellerault*, so faithfully attached to the service of her mistress that she had followed her to prison! One day the soldiers arrived to summon the prisoners who were destined to death. The young girl heard *Madame Lepinai* called, who had but an instant before retired to her chamber. Glad of such an opportunity to save the life of her beloved mistress, she presented herself, and answered to the name. The affectionate girl was instantly led away with the other prisoners, and precipitated among the waves of the *Loire*, in the place of *Madame Lapinai*.

We may place on the list of extraordinary sacrifices the unhappy wife who yielded up

her honour as the price of her husband's life and liberty. Though we cannot applaud, we must pity the unfortunate woman, thrown by a cruel fate into the hands of a proconsul, whose obdurate soul was inaccessible to every sentiment of humanity and virtue. This infamous seducer, this attrocious barbarian, sent his miserable victim to the scaffold along with her husband! Who can paint the horror of her remorse when she beheld the inutility of her sacrifice in her husband's condemnation! She died dishonored and despairing, and the sight of him, whose life she had so tenderly and fatally cherished, served but to embitter her last moments!

We will finish this article with the relation of a generous sacrifice, free from stain, and which even brings a consolation for every pang it inflicts on feeling minds:

It is well known that *Le Tillier*, the faithful domestic of the ex-director *Barthelemy*, insisted upon going with him into exile, and par-

taking of his misfortunes. It became the character of *Barthelemy* to see virtues multiply round him; and it was most consoling to him, before he quitted France, to leave a monument of the interest which his worth could inspire where esteem was not lost in prejudice and party rage.

Barthelemy, with the companions of his banishment, quitted Paris on the 23d *Fructidor**, 5th year of the Republic, and arrived at *Orleans* on the evening of the same day. Before they reached the town the Constituted Authorities had sent to inform *Dutertre*, who cammanded their escort, that they could not lodge his prisoners in any safe place except the Convent of *Ursulines*. To this place they were accordingly led, where they were introduced into a great hall, in which sixteen beds had been hastily prepared, and where all was in confusion, several women being actually then employed in scouring and cleaning the room. While this passed, an officer of the *Gendearmerie* drew near *Barthelemy*, who stood by the

* *August* 1797.

fire place, and said to him in a low voice, and without having the air of one speaking to another: "There is a person here who brings you news of your family."

Barthelemy, who had hitherto preserved a most perfect serenity of mind, started at these unexpected words, and could not restrain his tears. The officer, without waiting for his answer, continued in the following manner: "The women that you see cleaning the room are here by the direction of the Municipality. One of them, whom you will easily distinguish by her air, has disguised herself for this office that she may attend on you and your companions. Her name is *Madame Thoinet;* she is the widow of a rich merchant of *Nantes:* her family has been so much persecuted in that town that she is retired hither. She was intimately acquainted with one of your brothers at *Nantes;* she has just received intelligence from him at *Paris*, which she will communicate to you. Be careful that you are not observed in speaking to her; you will comprehend the danger she incurs in this enterprize."

A numerous guard was placed both at the door and within the hall, notwithstanding which *Barthelemy* approached the lady: sorrow was pictured on her countenance. When she saw *Barthelemy* near enough, she said to him, still continuing her employment, that his brother had requested her to gain every information she could respecting him and *Le Tellier*, and to render what service she could to both. She afterwards made many enquiries of *Barthelemy*, which he answered; and he begged of her to furnish himself and *Le Tellier* with some clothes they wanted. *Madame Thoinet* sent her maid servant, who had also been admitted among the work-women, and was allowed to go out and return without question, for these articles.

Madame Thoinet did not only express to *Barthelemy* her commiseration of his misfortune, she went up to the voluntary companion of his sufferings, felicitated him on his attachment to his master, and warmly expressed to him the deep sense she had of his rare virtue.

She afterwards went round to all *Barthelemy's* companions, offering them money, linen and clothes, and whatever they wanted she sent her servant out to procure for them. During the whole of the evening *Madame Thoinet* indulged in this happy employment, favored as she was by the confusion that pervaded the hall; but her too lively feeling frequently gave the greatest inquietude to her friends lest it should betray her. After she had furnished them with whatever they wanted, she informed them she should set off early the next morning for *Paris*, and that she would charge herself with their letters, and deliver them safely. The prisoners were permitted to write to their relations, but they were compelled to send their letters open to General *Duteitre*, from whom they passed to the Directory, who communicated to their families only what portion of them they thought proper. The prisoners wrote letters, which they sent to the General, and at the same time wrote others, which they committed to the care of *Madame Thoinet*.

During supper she waited at table with an expression of affection and pleasure that encreased the veneration conceived for her character by the prisoners, and for a moment relieved them from half the weight of their disgrace. She remained in the hall with them as late as possible, and then, unknown to them she retired to a small room near the hall, where she passed the remainder of the night. She felt an indiscribable satisfaction in watching over them and near them, without reflecting how much it enhanced her own danger.

With minds full of gratitude to this extraordinary woman, *Barthelemy* and his companions quitted *Orleans* the next morning, and halted in a little village between that city and *Blois*. The dinner was long in being served up, and making enquiry into the cause, they found that General *Dutertre* and other principal officers of the escort were not yet arrived from *Orleans*. Their terror was extreme, and the object of their fears *Madame Thoinet*. The General had never before quitted the escort, and some unfortunate affair must have

detained him at *Orleans*. The conduct of *Mad. Thoinet* had, no doubt, drawn the observation of some of the guard: the General had arrested her; their letters had been fo und upon her, and this woman would become the victim of her generosity! The prisoners were afflicted with these painful surmises till the arrival of the General, when they learnt, that he had remained a little longer at *Orleans* for reasons that only regarded himself.

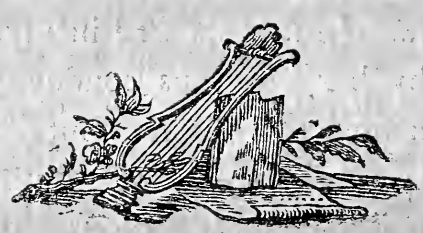
The joy of *Barthelemy* and his companions may well be imagined: they were then at liberty to give themselves up without reserve to the remembrance of the noble conduct of their benefactress; how often and how much did that ameliorate their sufferings in their painful career!

It was to the sentiment of gratitude that we owe the knowledge of the story we now relate. At his return to Europe *Barthelemy* made it public. Let the reader imagine to himself this most estimable man, honoured

throughout Europe, simple in his manners, and more sensible to the good offices he had received from a few virtuous persons, than to the persecutions of his enemies! let the reader picture such a man at the moment that he is eagerly rendering the homage due to this noble-minded woman!

"When I returned to Europe," said he, "my first care was to make enquiries after *Madame Thoinet;* I felt the most lively pleasure in learning that she had incurred no misfortune by her generous conduct to me and my companions at *Orleans*. But of how short duration was that pleasure! it was quickly succeeded by the most profound grief. Let those barbarous and cruel men, who are disposed to make a crime of her humane exertions in our behalf, gratify their malice in learning that new and unexpected misfortunes pursued her. Last year a military guard entered a country house situated near *Ancenis*, belonging to *Madame Thoinet*, where they found two young men, the eldest of whom was sixteen years of age: without enquiry they were

charged with being *Chouans*, and shot in the very room where they were found; one of them was the son of *Madame Thinet!* Unfortunate woman! we who owed so much to your generosity, believe that we partake in your sufferings."



CHAP. IX.

GRATITUDE.

DURING the unhappy days of September, 1792, a woman conceived the project of rendering funeral honors, from motives of gratitude, to her confessor, whom she understood to be massacred at the prison *Des Carmes*. As she intently dwelt upon this idea, she heard an extraordinary cry in the street, by which she was drawn to the window: she saw a cart passing filled with dead bodies, and among them recognised the person of her confessor! A surgeon, one of her neighbours, happened to be with her; pointing out the body, she entreated him to go and purchase it of the driver. Yielding to her entreaties, the surgeon went to the driver, and telling him his profession, said he wished to purchase one of the bodies for dissection. The driver asked him twenty crowns, permitting him to take his choice. He paid the money and took the body pointed out to him,

which he caused to be conveyed into the house of his friend: but what was the surgeon's surprise when he saw the priest on his feet! Clothes being procured for him, and being in the presence of his benefactress, he said, "When I saw my brethren massacred at *Des Carmes*, I imagined it possible to save my life by throwing myself among the dead bodies as one of them. I was stripped, and thrown into the cart in which you saw me. I did not receive a single wound; the blood with which you saw me covered was that of the carcases with which I was confounded. Receive, my benefactress, the most grateful thanks! It is probable, that, thrown into a quary with the bodies of my unfortunate companions, I should have perished there! All three then fell on their knees, and returned thanks to Heaven for this singular deliverance.

CHAP. X.

SINGULAR DISINTERESTEDNESS.

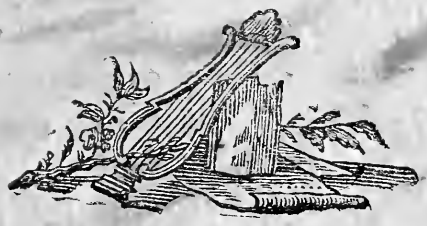
IN 1792, a poor woman with several children was made the repository of a large sum of money, which she was permitted to appropriate to her own use, if the person who placed it in her hands died without children, and in case of distress, to take part of it for her relief. Some time after she fell sick, and suffered under every species of want. She endured two years of extreme distress, without ever believing that her wants were sufficiently great to allow of her taking any of the money. She was afterwards informed of the death of the proprietor of the money. Her conduct was still the same, for she did not know that he had not left any children. Four years passed on, and she was unshaken in her resolution. "If there are no children," she said, "there may still be heirs, and if no heirs, creditors!" Meantime infirmities and distress encreased upon

her, but her greatest anxiety was, lest she should die without giving the deposit to the proper owner. At length she heard that the person who had placed it in her hands, had married in Prussia, and had left children. She informed the widow instantly of the deposit, who would gladly have rewarded her fidelity, but she would take no part of the money.

"All that I desire," said this poor woman, "is, that you will preserve the remembrance of one who had a most profound respect for your husband, and who dies happy to have rendered a service to his family."

A female servant in a house of arrest at *Bourdeaux*, had inspired two young men with confidence in her humanity, by the gentleness of her manners. They then endeavoured, by the relation of their misfortunes, to persuade her to aid them in their escape. She consented, and provided the means. Before they departed they each offered her an *assignat* of 500 francs; she said, "You do not deserve the service I would render you, as you imagine I am influenced by the motive of gain."

It was in vain they represented that the money was offered to enable her to escape and provide for her wants, in case she should be suspected of aiding their flight. They soon found they must either cease to speak of the money, or renounce her assistance. They then merely demanded what pledge they should leave her of their gratitude. "Embrace me," said she, "as brothers that are about to leave a sister. I will receive no other pledge."



CHAP. XI.

COURAGE INSPIRED BY THE HATRED OF CRIMES.

A JUDGE of the Revolutionary Commission at *Lyons*, whose name will never be heard without horror in that city, one day accompanied an amiable family, into whose society he was admitted in the hope of saving a beloved father, on a party of pleasure into the country. The serenity of the air, the beauty of the retreat to which they went, and above all, that secret influence which the scenes of nature exercises over hearts the most obdurate, even softened that of the Revolutionary Judge. He was seated beside a lovely and interesting girl; he talked to her of the hardships of his occupations—He even attempted to paint the happiness of loving.—She had listened without murmuring, and even answered him with her accustomed sweetness, till the judge, yielding to the emotions

her beauty inspired, dared to take her hand, and carry it to his lips. The lightning is not more swift than the indignation of this lovely girl. She sprang from her seat, "What," she cried, rubbing the place which his lips had pressed, "shall your hand touch mine—that hand that has so often signed the warrant of death—Has it not stained me with blood!" The judge was overwhelmed with confusion, and vainly assayed to stammer out an incoherent apology.

A married woman who had lived in the most perfect harmony with her husband, on a sudden demanded a divorce, alledging incompatibility of temper. Her astonished parents entreated to be informed of her secret motives for dissolving a union in which she had so long appeared to enjoy happiness; but she resolutely persisted in sighs and silence. At length they learned from her counsel, that her husband had returned to her during the days of *September*, covered with blood, and had

boasted to her of the number of massacres he had assisted to perform, during that dreadful epocha.

The young wife would no longer endure to live with a monster whose barbarity dishonoured her, yet wished not to expose him to the hatred of his fellow-citizens, who were ignorant of his atrocity. There remained but one choice for her to make; she demanded a divorce, which satisfied her delicacy, while it preserved her from violating a feeling of humanity towards the man she had once believed to be worthy of her affections.

CHAP. XII.

PATRIOTISM.

THIS sentiment so honourable and so generous in itself, but which has too often during the course of the Revolution served to mask the atrocious designs of men, whose corrupt hearts were instigated by ambition to the perpetration of the most horrid crimes, has often instigated women to noble deeds, and rendered them illustrious in the history of the Revolution. We do not speak of those who, supposing they have thrown themselves into a patriotic career, have only consigned their names to ridicule, for their false pretensions and real unworthiness. We speak only of those whose patriotism is solid, and who are few in number.

History will not fail to praise those women, the wives and daughters of celebrated artists, who made an offering to the National Assembly of their jewels, as a voluntary contribution towards the reduction of the national debt.

On the 7th of *September*, 1789, a group of women presented themselves at the bar of the National Assembly. One of them, *Madame Moitte*, was honored with the title of their speaker, and addressed the assembly in these words: —

"GENTLEMEN,

"The regeneration of the state will be the work of the representatives of the nation.

"The preservation of the credit of the state is the duty of all good citizens.

"When the Roman women presented their jewels to the senate, it was to procure the gold necessary to accomplish a vow made to Apollo.

"The engagements of the state to its creditors ought to be as sacred from violation as the Roman vow. The public debt should be faithfully discharged, and by means that are not burdensome to the people.

"It is with this design that we, the wives and daughters of artists, come to offer to the

august National Assembly, the jewels we should blush to wear when patriotism demands their sacrifice. Ah, where is the woman who would not feel the same inexpressible satisfaction in devoting her ornaments to so noble a purpose?

"Our offering is of little value, but artists seek glory rather than fortune. Our offering is proportioned to our means, and to the sentiment by which we are inspired.

"May our example be followed by citizens whose power greatly surpasses ours! It will be so, gentlemen, if you condescend to receive our gift, and if you will facilitate to all good patriots the means of offering their voluntary contributions, by opening a bank for the reception of gifts in jewels or money, to establish a fund that shall be invariably devoted to the payment of the national nebt."

Such was the address of these patriotic French women. Let us record their names, it is to secure to them the gratitude and admiration of posterity.

MESDAMES :

Maitte, president and author of the project —*Vien*—*Delagrenee*, the younger—*Juvee*—*Bermer*—*Duvivier*—*Belle*—*Fragonard*—*Vestier* *Peron*—*David*—*Vernet*, the younger—*Desmarteause*—*Beauvalet*—*Cornedercerf*.

MESDEMOISELLES :

Vasse de Bonrecueil—*Vestier*—*Gerard*—*Pithend*—*Dsiefville*—*Hauttemps*.

CHAP. XIII.

FEMALE FORTITUDE.

ONE evening, a short period before his family left France, a party of those murderers, who were sent for by *Robespierre*, from the frontiers which divided France from Italy, and who were by that arch fiend employed in all butcheries and massacres of *Paris*, entered the peaceful village of *la Reine*, in search of *Monsieur O*——. His lady saw them advancing, and anticipating their errand, had just time to give her husband intelligence of their approach, who left his chateau by a back door, and secreted himself in the house of a neighbour. *Madame O*——, with perfect composure, went out to meet them, and received them in the most gracious manner.—They sternly demanded *Monsieur O*——: she informed them that he had left the country, and after engaging them in conversation, she conducted them to her drawing room, and re-

galed them with her best wines, and made her servants attend upon them with unusual deference and ceremony. Their appearance was altogether horrible; they wore leather aprons, which were sprinkled all over with blood; they had large horse-pistols in their belts, and a dirk and a sabre by their side. Their looks were full of ferocity, and they spoke a harsh dissonant patois language. Over their cups they talked about the bloody business of that day's occupation, in the course of which they drew out their dirks, and wiped from their handles clots of blood and hair. *Madame O——* sat with them undismayed at their frightful deportment. After drinking several bottles of Champaign and Burgundy, these savages began to grow good humored; and seemed to be completely fascinated by the amiable and unembarrassed, and hospitable behaviour of their fair landlady,—After carousing until midnight, they pressed her to retire, observing, that they had been received so handsomely that they were convinced *Monsieur O——* had been misrepresented, and was no enemy to the *good cause*; they added

that they found the wines excellent, and after drinking two or three bottles more, they would leave the house, without causing her any reason to regret their admission.

Madame O——, with all the appearance of perfect tranquility and confidence in their promises, wished her unwelcome visitors a good night, and, after visiting her children in their rooms, she threw herself upon her bed, with a loaded pistol in each hand; overwhelmed with suppressed agony and agitation, she soundly slept till she was called by her servants, two hours after these wretches had left the house.

About the same period, two of the children of *Monsieur O*—— were in *Paris* at school. A rumor had reached him, that the teachers of the seminary in which they were placed, had offended the government, and were likely to be butchered, and that the carnage which was expected to take place might, in its undistinguishing fury, extend to the pupils. Immediately upon receiving this intelligence,

Monsieur O—— ordered his carriage, for the purpose of proceeding to town. *Madame O——* implored him to permit her to accompany him, in vain did he beseech her to remain at home: the picture of danger which he painted, only rendered her more determined. She mounted the carriage, and seated herself by the side of her husband. When they arrived at *Paris*, they were stopped in the middle of the street *St. Honorie*, by the massacre of a large number of prisoners who had just been taken out of a church, which had been converted into a prison. Their ears were pierced with screams. Many of the miserable victims were cut down, clinging to the windows of their carriages. During the dreadful delays which she suffered in passing through this street, *Madame O——* discovered no sensations of alarm, but stedfastly fixed her eyes upon the back of the coach-box, to avoid as much as possible, observing the butcheries which were perpetrating on each side of her.

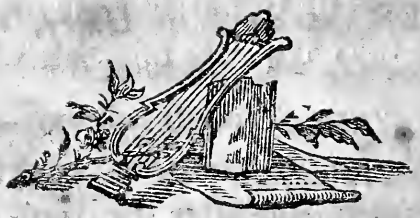
Had she been observed to close her eyes or sit back in the carriage, she would have excit-

ed a suspicion, which, no doubt, would have proved fatal to her. At length, she reached the school which contained her children, where she found the rumor which they had received was without foundation; she calmly conducted them to the carriage, and during their gloomy return through *Paris*, betrayed no emotion; but as soon as they had passed the barrier, and were once more in safety upon the road to their peaceful chateau, the exulting mother, in an agony of joy, pressed her children to her bosom, and in a state of mind wrought up to phrenzy, arrived at her own house in convulsions of ghastly laughter.

Monsieur O—— (from whom *Mr. Carr* received these relations, at the chateau of the former) never spoke of this charming woman without the strongest emotions of regard. He said that in sickness she suffered no one to attend upon him but herself; that in all his afflictions she had supported him, and that she mitigated the deep melancholy which the sufferings of his country and his own privations had fixed upon him, by the well-timed

sallies of her elegant fancy, or by the charms of her various accomplishments.

I found myself, (adds Mr. Carr, with a compliment that seems very justly due) a gainer in the article of delight, by leaving the gayest metropolis that Europe can present to a traveller, for the sake of visiting such a family.



SKETCHES

OF THE LIVES OF SOME OF THE MOST CELEBRATED WOMEN OF FRANCE, PREVIOUS TO THE REVOLUTION.

Joan of Arc, Maid of Orleans.

AFTER the death of *Henry*, V. king of *England*, who for some time reigned absolute in *France*, though without the title of king, (which, however, was assured to him and his descendants after the death of *Charles* VI. who survived him but two months) the regency of that kingdom was left to his brother, the duke of *Bedford*, one of the most accomplished princes of the age, whose experience, prudence, valor, and generosity enabled him to maintain union among his friends, and to gain the confidence of his enemies:

Charles VII. though inferior in power, was possessed of many great advantages in the affections of all Frenchmen, who desired the independence of their country. The city of *Orleans*, the most important place in the kingdom, was besieged by *Bedford*, as a step which would prepare the way for the conquest of all France. The French king used every expedient to supply the city with a garrison and provisions; and the English left no method unemployed for reducing it. The eyes of all Europe were turned towards this scene of action, where it was reasonably supposed the French were to make their last stand for maintaining the independence of their monarchy, and the rights of their sovereign. After numberless feats of valor on both sides, the attack was so vigorously pushed by the English, that *Charles* gave up the city as lost, when relief was brought from a very unexpected quarter.

In the village of *Domremi*, near *Vaucouleurs*, on the borders of *Lorrain*, lived a country girl, whose name was *Joan d' Arc*; and who,

in the humble station of servant at an inn, had been accustomed to tend the horses of the guests, to ride them without a saddle to the watering-place, and to perform other offices, which commonly fall to the share of men-servants. This girl, influenced by the frequent accounts of the rencounters at the siege of *Orleans*, and affected with the distresses of her country and youthful monarch, was seized with a wild desire of bringing relief to him in his present unhappy circumstances. Her inexperienced mind, working day and night on this favorite object, mistook the impulses of passion for heavenly inspirations; she fancied she saw visions, and heard voices, exhorting her to re-establish the throne of France, and expel the foreign invaders. An uncommon intrepidity of spirit made her divine mission dispel all that bashfulness so natural to her sex, her years and low condition. She went to *Vaucouleurs*, procured admission to *Baudricourt* the governor, and informed him of her inspirations and intentions. *Baudricourt* observed something extraordinary in the maid, or saw the use that might be made of such an

engine, and sent her to the French court, which then resided at *Chinon*.

Joan was no sooner introduced to the king, than she offered, in the name of the Supreme Creator, to raise the siege of *Orleans*, and conduct him to *Rheims*, to be there crowned and anointed: and she demanded, as the instrument of her future victories, a particular sword, which was kept in the church of *St. Catherine de Fierbois*. The more the king and his ministers were determined to give into the illusion, the more scruples they pretended. An assembly of grave and learned divines was appointed, to examine her mission; and pronounced it undoubted and supernatural. Her request was granted; she was armed *cap-a-pie*, mounted on horseback, and shown, in that martial habiliment, to the whole people. Her dexterity in managing her steed, though acquired in her former station, was regarded as a fresh proof of her mission; her former occupation was even denied; she was converted into a shepherdess, an employment more agreeable to the fancy. Some years

were subtracted from her age, in order to excite still more admiration ; and she was received with the loudest acclamations, by persons of all ranks.

The English at first affected to speak with derision of the maid and her heavenly mission ; but were secretly struck with the strong persuasion which prevailed in all around them. They found their courage daunted, by degrees, and thence began to infer a divine vengeance hanging over them. A silent astonishment reigned among those troops, formerly so elated with victory, and so fierce for the combat. The maid entered the city of *Orleans* at the head of a convoy, arrayed in her military garb, and displaying her consecrated standard. She was received as a celestial deliverer by the garrison and its inhabitants ; and with the instructions of count *Dunois*, commonly called the Bastard of *Orleans*, who commanded in that place, she actually obliged the English to raise the siege of that city, after driving them from their entrenchments, and defeating them in several desperate attacks.

Raising the siege of *Orleans* was one part of the maid's promise to *Charles :* crowning him at *Rheims* was the other ; and she now vehemently insisted, that he should set out immediately on that journey. A few weeks before, such a proposal would have appeared altogether extravagant. *Rheims* lay in a distant quarter of the kingdom ; was then in the hands of a victorious enemy ; the whole road that led to it was occupied by their garrisons ; and no imagination could have been so sanguine as to hope, that such an attempt could possibly be carried into execution. But, as things had now taken a turn, and it was extremely the interest of the king of France to maintain the belief of something extraordinary and divine in these events, he resolved to comply with her exhortations, and avail himself of the present consternation of the English. He accordingly set out for *Rheims*, at the head of twelve thousand men, and scarcely perceived as he passed along, that he was marching through an enemy's country. Every place opened its gates to him ; *Rheims* sent him its keys, and the ceremony of his

inauguration was performed with the holy oil, which a pidgeon is said to have brought from heaven to *Clovis*, on the first establishment of the French monarchy.

As a mark of his gratitude, *Charles* had a medal struck in her honor. On one side was her portrait, on the other a hand holding a sword with these words, *Consilio confirmata Dei.* "Sustained by the assistance of God." The king also ennobled all her family, as well in the male as in the female line; the former became extinct in 1760. In 1614, the latter, at the request of the procurator-general, were deprived of the privelege of ennobling their children, independent of their husband. The town of *Domremi*, also, where she was born, was exempted from all taxes, aids, and subsidies forever.

The *Maid of Orleans*, as she is called, declared, after this coronation, that her mission was now accomplished; and expressed her inclination to retire to the occupations and course of life which became her sex. But *Dunois*, sensible of the great advantages which might

be reaped from her presence in the army, exhorted her to persevere, till the final expulsion of the English. In pursuance of this advice, she threw herself into the town of *Compiegne*, at that time besieged by the duke of *Burgundy*, assisted by the earls of *Aurundel* and *Suffolk*. The garrison, on her appearance, believed themselves invincible. But their joy was of short duration. The maid, after performing prodigies of valor, was taken prisoner in a sally; and the duke of *Bedford*, resolved upon her ruin, ordered her to be tried by the ecclesiastical court for sorcery, impiety, idolatry and magic. She was found guilty by her ignorant or iniquitous judges, of all those crimes, aggravated by heresy. Her revelations were declared to be inventions of the devil, to delude the people. No efforts were made by the French court to deliver her; and this admirable heroine was cruelly delivered over alive to the flames, at the age of nineteen, A. D. 1431, and expiated by the punishment of fire, the signal services which she had rendered to her prince and native country.

Joan appears not only to have been a virtuous and heroic character, but to have possessed that truth and sensibility, which should, and perhaps always does, accompany true genius. Her manner is recorded to have been mild and gentle, when unarmed, though courageous in the field. She was frequently wounded; and once drawing out the English arrow, cried out, "It is glory and not blood, which flows from this wound!" and when mounting the fatal pile, though her face was covered with tears, she said, "God be blessed!"

Constance de Ceseli, wife of Barri de S. Aunez.

The town of *Leucates*, in *Languedoc*, being besieged by the faction of the league in 1590, *M. de Barri*, who was the governor, was taken prisoner, under pretence of demanding an interview with him. He, however, contrived at the moment, to write to his wife, whose talents and courage he was well acquainted with. He begged her to take the

command of the town, and to defend it to the last extremity. Not losing a moment's time, she obeyed him, maintaining order and shewing herself often upon the walls with a pike in her hand, encouraging the garrison by her example. When the assailants perceived her plans and intrepidity, they sought to intimidate her by threatening to put her husband to death, if she did not give up the place. She had large possessions, and offered all willingly to ransom him; but said she would not buy even his life by an act of perfidy, at which he would blush. They put him likewise to the most cruel tortures, that he might command his wife to open the gates to them; but he braved their menaces; and, being obliged to raise the siege, they were atrocious enough to strangle him.

On receiving this news, *Madame de Barri* was struck with grief and horror; but feeling that a christian must not give way to vengeance, she opposed the wishes of the garrison to make reprisals on some gentlemen who were their prisoners; and, in the hour of anguish, exerted herself to save their lives.

To do honor to her virtue, *Henry* IV. commanded her still to enjoy the government of *Leucates*, which she held for twenty-seven years.

Mademoiselle Bonmere.

This lady's father and mother, having been guilty of some state crime, were imprisoned for life, but indulged with possessing one another's company. *Mademoiselle Bonmere*, born under this durance, lived till the 35th year of her age, and could scarce have been said to have seen day-light. The death of her very learned and ingenious parents, which happened within a few days of each other, gave her liberty, but deprived her of the only two friends, or even acquaintances, she had in the world, excepting those hard beings who are entrusted with the care of prisoners. Thus turned into the world, without money, friends, or practical knowledge, though excellently instructed in the theory, she determined to avail herself of rather a masculine form, and hard features, and appeared in man's apparel,

in which she entered as a private soldier in a regiment of foot, and gave so many instances of personal bravery, as well as integrity, that she obtained the employment of adjutant and pay master of the corps.

She wrote memoirs of her own times, which we believe were never printed; but *Mrs. Thicknesse*, who had seen them in MSS. speaks of them in the highest style of encomium.

Philis de la Tour du Pin-Gouverne, Mademoiselle de la Charce, a French Heroine of the seventeenth century.

On the attack the duke of *Savoy* made upon *Dauphiny* in 1692, this courageous lady armed the villages in her department, put herself at their head, and, by little skirmishes, harrassed the enemy in the mountains, and contributed very much to make them abandon the country. In the mean time, her mother exhorted the people in the plains to remain faithful to their duty; and her sister caused the cables of the boats to be cut, so that they

could be of no use to them. Lewis XIV. gave *Mademoiselle de la Charce* a pension, and permitted her to place her sword and armour in the treasury of *St. Denis*.

Claude-Catherine de Clermont, daughter of Clermont, lord of Dampierre, wife first of M. d' Annebaut, who perished in the civil wars of France; afterwards of Albert, duke de Metz; lady of Honor to Catherine de Medicis, and governess to the royal children. Died 1603; *aged* 65.

She was an only daughter, and received a most careful education, being habituated to study from her early youth, and inured to close application, which neither injured her health or her beauty. During the absence of her second husband, who was successively ambassador in England, Germany and Poland, she left her studies, to replace him near the throne, and to prevent his enemies having the ear of the king to his disadvantage. In all foreign affairs she was consulted as the only

person at court who knew the languages. Afterwards, when her husband was in Italy, the *Marquis de Belle-Isle*, her son, was gained over by the *leaguers*, and resolved to seize his father's estate. To prevent him, she assembled soldiers, and put herself at their head; which defeated the project, and maintained her vassels in obedience to their king. *Henry* IV. who knew how to appreciate worth, honored the duchess with praisess and loaded her with favors. Nobody was more happy than herself—surrounded by a numerous family, and the object of general esteem and admiration. She survived her husband but a few months.

Jane de Belleville, wife of Oliver III. lord of Clisson.

Philip de Valois, king of France, having caused her husband to be beheaded, in 1343, on an unauthenticated suspicion of intelligence with England, *Jane*, burning with revenge, sent her son, but twelve years of age, secret-

ly to *London*; and, having no more to fear for him, sold her jewels, armed three vessels, and with them assailed all the French that she met with. The new corsair made descents in *Normondy*, took their castles; and the inhabitants of the villages saw frequently one of the most beautiful women in Europe with a sword in one hand, and a flambeau in the other, enforce, with inhuman pleasure, the horrors of her cruel and misplaced revenge.

Eleanor of Aquitain, heiress of Guyenne, Poitou, Saintonge, Auvergne, Limosin, Perigord and Angoumois. Died 1202, *at the monastry of Fontevrault; aged* 81.

Eleanor was scarcely sixteen at the death of her father, and possessed of the most consummate beauty, elegance of manner, and vigor of mind. He had destined her for the eldest son of the king of France, afterwards *Louis* VII. whom accordingly she married in 1137. Ten years after she accompanied her

husband to the Holy land, where her conduct gave room for the suspicions he began to entertain; and violent dissentions took place between them. These were fomented by her uncle, the prince of *Antioch*, who had little respect any more than *Eleanor*, for the character and capacity of *Lewis*. He persuaded her to demand the cassation of the marriage.

Eleanor entered but too readily into his views; and the king did not oppose them. It is certain that her scorn towards him augmented every day; that she had a free carriage and a haughty soul; and that she was perfectly the opposite to her husband; who, on his side, had all the aversion such a contrariety of mind must inspire. She said, she expected to have married a king, but he was only a monk.

Lewis had cut off his hair from a principle of devotion, then in fashion; an act which made him ridiculous in her eyes. *Lewis* told her gravely, "she ought not to be witty on such matters." She answered by fresh raileries. In fine, he was as anxious for the di-

vorce as herself,—which took place on the 18th March, 1152. On the 8th of May, the same year, *Eleanor* elected, from her numerous suitors, for her second husband, *Henry*, duke of Normandy, and carried with her all her large possessions, though she had two daughters by *Lewis*.

The breaking this unhappy marriage, destroyed what the policy of *Louis le Gros* had contrived, and all the grandeur that the prime minister had promised to France. *Eleanor* made choice of a husband, who, by his ardour for pleasure and business, by the proud dignity of his soul and his brilliant talents, appeared the most different to her former one. "Who would not have regarded this marriage as a happy one," says *Gaillard*; "they were almost chosen the one by the other; an advantage princes rarely possess; and, as to political reasons, *Eleanor* had given the most potent king in Europe, a third of France. Five sons and three daughters seemed to promise them happiness; but violent tempests troubled their repose,"

This *Eleanor*, whose conduct had forced *Lewis* the Young to a separation; *Eleanor*, who, of all people, ought not to have been jealous of a husband, had the misfortune to be so to excess. She could not pardon the infidelities of *Henry*, whom she persecuted in his mistresses, and by his sons. The famous *Rosamond* held for a long time captive the heart of *Henry*, who would never sacrifice her to *Eleanor*, but who could scarcely protect her from violence. Not less ambitious than jealous; or perhaps, jealous only because she was ambitious; *Eleanor* was indignant that *Henry* refused her the management of the provinces she had brought to him in marriage; and pushed so far the effects of her resentment, that she forced him to take measures which were the source of misery to both. She fomented the revolts and discontent of her children; who learned, in the French court, machinations to destroy the peace, and, finally, the life of their father. She wished herself to join them, and was discovered, in the habit of a man, attempting an escape, by *Henry*, who kept her in prison for some years.

This severity, which appeared a criminal and scandalous ingratitude towards a queen to whom he had owed his greatness in France, without doubt, increased the number of the rebels.

After the death of his eldest son, *Richard*, now heir to the crown, became the source of equal trouble and grief to his too indulgent parent, who did not yet lose patience, but, releasing *Eleanor* from prison, was reconciled to her; and, partly by persuasions, partly by authority, a temporary peace was again established with his rebellious offspring.

Adelaide, the daughter of the French king, was contracted to *Richard*; but *Henry* shewed no impatience to consumate their marriage. Her father and intended husband pretended to be displeased at this, in order to give grounds for the continental war, which destroyed the peace of *Henry's* old age: and *Eleanor* accused him of being himself fond of *Adelaide*. A report even arose, that he wished to divorce the former, marry her, and, if he had children by her, would declare

them his heirs. It is doubtful whether the troubles caused by his family, in reality, awakened this idea in the mind of *Henry*, or whether it was merely the jealous suggestions of the restless *Eleanor*.

After the death of *Henry*, when *Richard* was retained in prison by the emperor *Henry* VI. *Eleanor*, indignant at the indifference with which Europe, and the pope himself, suffered the hero of the crusades to be oppressed, wrote to the latter, and joined the bitterness of maternal complaint to the haughtiness of reproaches: but the pope, who had more to fear from the emperor than all the other sovereigns, refused to commit himself, by interfering in behalf of her son; and no cardinal was found who would charge himself with this perilous legation: yet, at length, the princes of Europe, ashamed of their backwardness in favor of so great a warrior, forced the emperor to release him; on condition of receiving a ransom, which *Eleanor* found it very difficult to raise. She had disapproved and repressed, as much as she was

able, the revolts and misconduct of *John;* but on the return of his brother, interceded for him, and obtained his pardon. She is supposed to have influenced the will of *Richard*, who appointed him his successor, in exclusion of *Arthur*, the true heir; and doubtless preserved a great ascendant over him, and a great part of the government during his frequent absences. This made her favor the claims of *John*, as the continuation of her power appeared more probable under her son than her grandson. *Arthur* had a mother not less ambitious than *Eleanor*, not less accustomed than she was to command in the name of her son, and who would no less essentially reign in England than in Brittany, if *Arthur* had succeeded *Richard*. *Eleanor* possessed great influence over *John* also, and, as much as in her lay, counteracted his indolence and folly, by vigorous measures. In crossing *Poitou*, the the young *Arthur*, who had lost his mother, learned that his grandmother *Eleanor* was in the castle of *Mirebeau*: he besieged and took it by assault; but she had time to take refuge in a tower, from whence she found

means to inform *John* of her danger, who was then at *Rouen*. This prince awoke in a moment from his slumber; he delivered his mother, and *Arthur* fell into his power. The certain destiny of the latter is unknown; but he disappeared two or three days after the death of *Eleanor*, who had never ceased to be his enemy, but who would not have suffered her son to be the executioner of her grand-child.

Jane Hachette, native of Beauvais, in Picardy, renowned for her courage in the 15th century.

The *Burgundians* having laid siege to this town in 1472, *Jane*, at the head of a troop of women, valiently defended it; repulsed them when they assaulted the place, took their colours from the hand of a soldier, who was going to plant them on the walls, and threw him headlong from it. In memory of this action, the privilege of walking at the head of the troops, carrying these colours, was granted to her, and some others, ensured to her descendants. The portrait of this he-

roine is still shewn at *Bauvais;* and, on the 10th of July, there was an annual procession, in which the women walked first.

Heloise, or Eloisa, (Abbess of Paraclete,) Niece of Fulbert, a Canon of the church of Notre Dame, at Paris; died 1163.

She had scarcely reached her eighteenth year, when, by her beauty, learning, and elegance, she attracted the notice of *Peter Abelard,* a young but celebrated doctor of theology; who took advantage of the parsimony of her uncle, to introduce himself into the house as a lodger, and to grant, as a favor to him, lessons in philosophy, which he wished to give his niece, as a means of enjoying her society, and ingratiating himself into her favor.

Fulbert, vain of *Heloise's* talents, and anxious for her improvement, complied but too readily with his scheme, and her innocence fell a victim to the admiration and love her young preceptor inspired. On discovering

the truth, her uncle, almost distracted, forbade their interviews; but they contrived to meet, till it became improper for her to remain where she then was, and *Abelard* took her off, by stealth, to his sister's, in Brittany, where she had a son. Determined to save her reputation as much as was now in his power, her lover then went to her uncle, and after the first storm of his passion was over, proposed to marry her; but wished, for a while, it might be kept secret. At length the old man acceded; but when *Heloise* heard his determination, she objected forcibly to it, on the score of *Abelard's* interest as a theologian. His celebrity, and his hopes of rising in the church, she affirmed would be ruined by this match. He saw, that, regardless of her own interest, she considered only his; and his affection could less than ever submit to a sacrifice far less delicate than generous. The injunction of secrecy was repeated, and they were married; but, anxious to wipe out the blot from his family, her uncle quickly spread abroad the report. *Heloise* as pertinaciously contradicted it; which

so irritated Fulbert, who considered her husband only as to blame, that by an act of vengeance, he separated them; but, at the same time, forfeited his own benefices, and became an object of general detestation.

Abelard, in consequence, determined to leave the world, for a convent; but it was necessary for his peace that *Heloise* should do the same, which she scrupled not to do, making her profession, in her 22d year, as a nun or Argenteuil, a few days before he took upon him the order of St. Denis, where the licentious manners of the monks awakened his censure, and, in consequence, their hatred and persecution. He fled from them to other retreats; but the same unhappy destiny continually pursued him.

Heloise also, who had been chosen prioress of *Argenteuil*, on the dissolution of that monastry for the disorders of the nuns, applied to *Abelard* for advice, who obtained the assignment of the Paraclete in Champagne, a

house he had built, to her, where she founded a nunnery, and, by her exemplary conduct, obtained general respect and admiration. They, at first, as dear friends, who needed each other's counsel, sometimes met; but, after a while, found, that instead of consoling, these visits made them more unhappy, and discontinued them; when an epistle from *Abelard* to a friend, in which he recapitulated the misfortunes of his life, fell into the hands of *Heloise*, and caused those beautiful and impassioned letters, which have been preserved to posterity. In those written by her, she complains that even when she affected to devote her heart to God, it was fixed upon an earthly being, whom she could not yet tear from it. She appears to ease her heart by revealing its weakness; but *Abelard*, at length, put an end to the dangerous indulgence, and, after new troubles and persecutions, died 1142, in the 63d year of his age. *Heloise* survived him twenty years, employing her time in study and the duties of her vocation. She was skilled in all the learned languages, in philosophy, mathematics, and the study of the holy

scriptures. Her letters are written in Latin; and she appears, both in person and mind, to have been the most accomplished woman of her time.

Jane, daughter of Henry I, king of Navarre, married 1284, *at the age of* 13, *to Philip the Fair, King of France. Died* 1304, *aged* 33.

This prince had the same good fortune as his rival, our *Edward* the I. in being tenderly and faithfully attached to his wife, and in possessing a woman of courage, sense, and virtue, "who held," says *Mezery*, "every one chained by the eye, ear, and heart, being equally beautiful, eloquent, and generous." The count *De Bar*, kinsman to the king of England, invaded Champagne, the patrimony of *Jane*, who went in person to defend it, gave battle to the enemy, delivered orders herself in the midst of the combat, vanquished and took prisoner the count *De Bar*, whom she brought in triumph to *Paris*. She govern-

ed Navarre and Champagne, the administration of which the king always left to her, with wisdom, as she defended them with bravery. She founded, with royal magnificence, the college of Navare, a long time the school of the French nobility, and the honor of the university of *Paris*, and was the protectress of the learned.

Jane, countess of Montfort, flourished in 1341 *and* 1342.

The count de *Montfort*, male heir of Brittany, had seized that duchy in opposition to *Charles* of *Blois*, the French king's nephew, who had married the grand-daughter of the late duke. Sensible that he could expect no favor from *Philip*, *Montfort* made a voyage to England, and offered to do homage to *Edward* III. as king of France, for Brittany, proposing a strict alliance for each other's pretensions.

Little negociation was necessary to conclude a treaty between two princes connected by

their immediate interests. But the captivity of the count, who was taken prisoner by the enemy, which happened soon after, seemed to put an end to all the advantages naturally to be expected from it. The affairs of Brittany, however, were unexpectedly retrieved by *Jane* of Flanders, daughter of *Lewis*, count de *Nevers*, and wife of de *Montfort*. Roused by the captivity of her husband from those domestic cares to which she had hitherto entirely confined herself, she boldly undertook to support the falling fortunes of her family. When she received the fatal intelligence, instead of giving way to despair, the failing of weak minds, she instantly assembled the inhabitants of *Rennes*, where she then resided, and taking her infant son in her arms, conjured them to extend their protection to the last male heir of their ancient sovereigns; expatiated on the resources to be derived from England, entreating them to make one daring effort against an usurper, who, being allied to France, would sacrifice their ancient liberty as the price of assistance. In short, she harangued them in a strain so bold and so pa-

thetic, that it spoke to their hearts, and inspired them with a portion of her enthusiastic ardour: they reselved to defend her with their lives and fortunes. She then made a progress through all the other fortresses of the duchy, and induced them to adopt similar measures; visited the garrisons, and provided every thing necessary for sustenance and defence; and having secured the whole province from surprise, shut herself up in *Hennebonne*, attending the English succours, and sent her son over to England. *Charles* of *Blois* opened the campain, expecting soon to terminate a war merely conducted by a woman. *Rennes* soon surrendered to him. He next proceeded to *Hennebonne*, where the brave countess commanded in person. The garrison, actuated by her presence, made a vigorous defence. She herself performed prodigies of valor; clad in complete armor, she stood foremost in the breach, sustained the most violent assaults, flying with active vigilance from post to rampart, encouraged her troops, and displayed skill that would have done honor to the most experienced general. Perceiving, one day,

that the besiegers, occupied in a general attack, had left their camp unguarded, she immediately sallied forth by a postern with five hundred men, set fire to their tents, baggage, and magazines, and created such an alarm, that the enemy desisted from the assault, to cut off her communication with the town. Finding herself intercepted, she galloped towards *Auray*, which she reached in safety. Five days after, she returned with her little army, cut her way through part of the camp, and entered the town in triumph.

At length, however, so many breaches were made in the walls, by reiterated assaults, that the place was deemed no longer tenable, and the bishop of *Leon*, notwithstanding the prayers and remonstrances of the countess, had determined to capitulate; he was actually engaged in a conference respecting it with *Charles* of *Blois*, when the countess, who had ascended a lofty tower, and was casting an eager look towards the sea, descried a fleet at a distance. She instantly ran into the streets, and exclaimed, in a transport of joy—"suc-

cours! succours! the English succours! no capitulation!" Nor was she mistaken: the English fleet soon after entered the harbour, and the troops, under the command of *Sir Walter Manny*, sallied from the city, attacked the camp of the besiegers, and reduced it to ashes. "On *Sir Walter's* return from this successful expedition," says *Froissard*, "the countess went forth to meet him with a joyful countenance and kissed him and his companions two or three times, like a valiant lady." *Edward* himself afterwards undertook her defence. The count, who had been released through a treaty between England and *Philip*, still attempting to defend his rights, was slain, and *Edward* undertook the cause of his son. Afterwards, in 1346, *Charles* of *Blois* having come with his troops to the assistance of a fortress she had reduced, she attacked him in his entrenchments in the night, dangerously wounded, and took him prisoner.

Anne de L' Enclos, called Ninon de L' Enclos ; died 1705, aged 90, and 5 months.

Her father was a gentleman of *Touraine*. He made her early acquainted with the best authors, and taught her himself to play upon the lute, which she did to perfection. Being a man of pleasure, he inspired her with the same taste, yet did not omit giving her lessons of probity and honor. Her mother was a religious woman, and used to take her to church ; but she always contrived to carry some amusing book with her, which she read during service. This extraordinary woman appears to have been inimitable for the charms of her person and manners. Her mind was highly polished ; yet with powers of reasoning to make her respected by the sage ; she knew how to blend refinement with gaiety, candor and sensibility with acknowledged looseness of principle and life. During a long life, she was the admiration of the world around her, and amidst all the changes of fashion and time maintained her influence. The distinguished, whether for birth or talents, sought

her society for the gratification it afforded them; the young and aspiring, in hopes of being thereby polished and instructed.

Voltaire says, that her father was a player upon the lute, and that cardinal *Richelieu* was her first admirer, and settled on her a pension of 2000 livres, no small sum at that time. Others say, it was the young *Coligny*, duke of *Chatillon*, who was a Calvanist, and with whom *Ninon* would argue for hours to detach him from that faith, which most likely she thought prejudicial to his interest. He abjured Calvanism accordingly in 1694. They had at first sworn eternal fidelity; but finding the sentiment die in her heart, *Ninon* for the future determined that in friendship only it was necessary to be faithful.

As she was not rich, she permitted her guests to bring with them their separate dishes to her suppers, which were frequented by the first wits of the age. This was not an unusual custom in France. Amongst the wits who obtained this privilege was *St. Evremond*,

who wrote a verse under her picture, signifying, that wise and indulgent nature had formed her heart with the principles of *Epicurus* and the virtue of *Cato*.

She was called the modern Leontium, from her philosophical knowledge, which received additional charms from her wit. At the age of twenty-two, she had a fit of illness, which was believed mortal; and when her friends lamented that she should be thus snatched away in the prime of life, she exclaimed—"Ah! I leave only dying people in the world!" A gentleman who was deeply enamoured of her, not being able to inspire any return, in his indignation wrote some lines, in which he said, he without trouble renounced his love, which had lent her charms she did not in reality possess. *Ninon* immediately wrote an answer in the same measure, saying, that if love lent charms, why did he not borrow some?

With her friend *Marion de Lormes*, *Ninon* thus led a licentious life; but the death of

her mother, who was a virtuous and pious woman, with her entreaties and advice, seemed to change her heart all at once. She fled to a convent, to expiate her errors by penitence; but the good impression she had imbibed vanished with her grief, and she came back to the world, which received her with new admiration.

After the death of *Richelieu* and *Louis* XIII. the first years of the regency were marked by every species of dissipation; according to the description of *St. Evremond*, the friend of *Ninon*, "error was no longer called evil, and vice was named pleasure." Yet the queen at one time had an intention of shutting her up in a convent, but her numerous friends prevented it; and the troubles which soon arose in *Paris* induced her to leave it with the *Marquis de Villarceaux*, with whom she retired to a seat distant from *Paris*, and remained three years, to the astonishment of every body. At the end of the civil war they returned, and *Ninon* found her father dying, who tried to strengthen those principles he had first instilled into her mind, saying he only

regretted that he had enjoyed so few pleasures in proportion to what he might have had. He advised her, on the contrary, not to be scrupulous in the number but the choice of them. The security in which he appeared to die was a consolation to his daughter; and she arranged her little patrimony with great prudence, sinking the principal, so that she had 7 or 8000 livres annually. One motive for doing this was, the resolution she had made never to marry.

The poet *Scarron* was in the number of her friends, and because his infirmities kept him at home, and poverty made people slight him, she would often stay at his house several days together, by which means it was filled with the polite and the learned. She now found him married to *Mademoiselle D'Aubigné*, with whom she commenced an intimate friendship, although the latter robbed her of the heart of *De Villarceaux*.

One of her lovers having left *Paris*, confided to *Ninon* 10,000 crowns, and the like

sum to a penitentiary, famous for the austerity of his manners. On his return to reclaim it, the latter affected not to understand him, saying, they received money only as gifts for the poor. When the young man came to *Ninon*, she cried out, "I have had a misfortune in your absence." He supposed she was going to announce to him the loss of the money, but she continued, "I am sorry for you, if you still love me, for I no longer love you; but there is the money you confided to me." They then vowed an eternal friendship. Once when a gentleman was recounting his own good qualities, to court her favor, she answered, "Heavens! how many virtues you make hateful to me."

Moliere was introduced to the acquaintance of *Ninon*, by *Chappelle*. He discovered in her, as he said, the essence of all talents, and the knowledge of all ages, and regarded her taste for ridicule as the most perfect he had ever met with. But, amidst the adoration of lovers and the praise of wits, *Ninon* was not every where triumphant. Wishing to draw

all that are distinguished or great into her toils, she wanted to captivate a celebrated preacher, and pretending to be ill, sent for him as if for spiritual consolation; but, on his arrival, he found her attired with elegance, and surrounded by luxury. She practised all her graces; but to the truly good man they appeared contemptible, and to her confusion, he said: "I see that your malady is in your heart and mind, in person you appear in perfect health; I beseech the great Physician of souls to cure you!" and left her covered with shame and confusion.

When she was past sixty, a more serious evil befel her. A son of hers had been educated under the name of the chevallier de *Villiers*, without being made acquainted with his birth. To finish his education, his father introduced him into her society, to learn those inimitable graces, and that charm which she alone possessed. The unhappy young man became her admirer; and, when she was thus forced to reveal to him who he was, he rushed from her into the garden, and either

a noble action, which awards
e alone this prize.

struck with horror at himself, or mortified at the discovery of his dishonorable birth, fell upon his sword. *Ninon* saw him expiring and would have destroyed herself, had she not been prevented. She had another son, who died 1723, at *Rochelle*, where he was commissary of Marines.

After this accident, she began to change her manner of life. She laid aside the familiar name of *Ninon*, and purchased a new house in the *Rue des Tournelles*, near the *Place Royal*, where her company was sought by the most respectable and brilliant of her own sex, as well as the other, amongst whom was *Madame de Sévigné*, *La Fayette*, and *de Sabliere*, &c. who preferred her company to the most brilliant societies. Amongst the men were *Rochefaucault* and *St. Evremond*, who said of her, that "nature had begun to shew it was possible not to grow old." Though at the common age of decrepitude, she had none of its ugliness—she had still all her teeth, and almost all the fire of her eyes; so that in her last years you might read her history in them.

She always remained the same, an Epicurean by principle, though she preserved more correct outward manners, and frequented the church. *Madame de Maintenon*, in her elevation, did not forget her old friend, and offered her, if she would become seriously devout, apartments at *Versailles ;* but *Ninon* was satisfied with her present fortune, and said it was too late in life for her to learn to dissemble. Yet, to gratify the king, who wished to see her, she went one day to the royal chapel.

Some of her letters are in *St. Evremond's* collection ; but others were published, which were not genuine.

She predicted the future fame of *Voltaire*, and left him a little legacy to buy books.

The *Abbé de Chateauneuf* made an epitaph upon her, of which this is a translation :

There is nothing which death does not conquer.
Ninon, who more than an age has served love,
Now submits to his power ;
She was the honor and the shame of her sex.
Inconstant in her desires,

Refined in her pleasures,
A faithful and wise friend,
A tender, but capricious lover;
Delicacy and gallantry both reigned in her heart, and showed the power of a combination of charms of Venus, and the sense of an angel.

Frances D'Aubigné, Marchioness de Maintenon, born 1635, *died* 1719.

Was descended from the ancient family of *D'Aubigné;* her grandfather born in the year 1550, was a person of great merit as well as rank, a leading man among the protestants in France, and much courted to come over to the opposite party. When he found he could no longer be safe in his own country, he fled for refuge to *Geneva* about the year 1619, where he was received by the magistrates and clergy with great marks of honor and distinction, and passed the remainder of his life among them.

His son married the daughter of *Peter de Cardillac*, lord of *Lane*, in 1627, at *Bordeaux*, not without some apprehensions, it it said, on the part of the lady, upon her being

united, we know not how, to a man of a most infamous character, who had actually murdered his first wife, for such was *Constantius D'Aubigné*. Soon after his marriage, going to *Paris*, he was, for some very gross offence, thrown into prison, upon which she followed to solicit his pardon, but in vain; cardinal *Richelieu* was inflexible, and told her, that in denying her request he was doing her a friendly office. But more attached to him in consequence of his misfortunes, she at length obtained leave to confine herself with him in prison. Here she had two sons; and, becoming pregnant a third time, petitioned that he might be removed to the prison of *Niort*, where they should be nearer their relations, which was granted.

In this prison *Madame de Maintenon* was born, but was taken from it by *Madame Villette*, of *Poitou*, her aunt by the father's side, who, in compassin to the child, put her into the care of her daughter's nurse, with whom, for some time, she was bred up as a foster sister. Madame D' Aubigné at length obtained

her husband's enlargement, on condition that he should turn Roman Catholic, which he promised but did not chuse to do; and fearing to be again involved in trouble, in the year 1639 he embarked for America, with his wife and family, and settled at Martinico. Madame D'Aubigné in a little time returned to France, to carry on some law suits for the recovery of debts; but Madame Villette dissuaded her from it, and she returned to Martinico, where she found her husband ruined by gaming. In the year 1646 he died, leaving his wife in the utmost distress, who returned to France, with her debts unpaid, and her daughter as a pledge in the hands of one of her principal creditors, who, however, soon sent her into France after her mother. Here, neglected by her mother, who was in no capacity to maintain her, she was again taken by *Madame Villette* to live with her; and the little *Frances* studied by every means in her power to render herself agreeable to a person on whom she was to depend for every thing; made it her business to insinuate herself also into the affections of her cousin, with whom she had one

common nurse; and expressed a great desire to be instructed in the religion of her ancestors, so that in a short time she became firmly attached to the protestant religion. In the mean time, *Madame de Neuillant*, a relation by the mother's side, and a catholic, had been assiduous in informing some considerable persons of the danger she was in, and even procured an order from court to take her out of the hands of *Madame Villette*, in order to be instructed in the Roman catholic religion. She took her to herself, and made a convert of her; but not without great difficulty, artifice, and severity, which at length enforced her compliance.

In 1651, *Madame de Neuillant* being obliged to go to *Paris*, took her niece along with her, and there she endured all the miseries of dependance. Her beauty and fine understanding being much admired, she delighted to humble her by representing her to her friends as an object of pity. In the mean time her mother came to *Paris* on a law-suit, and died with grief at its unhappy termination,

as it ruined the future prospects of her children. *Mademoiselle D'Aubigné* was at this time timid, and spoke but little; but being a little more introduced into company, she learnt the manners of the world, and was much admired. At the house of the famous *Scarron* she was a frequent visitor, and this celebrated wit began to feel a lively interest in her concerns, and loved her without daring to avow it. This extraordinary man was, at the same time, full of gaiety, wit, and infirmities. His figure was very much deformed, but he had a feeling heart, a lively and grotesque imagination, and much patience in his ill health and poverty. He was gay in despite of pain, and satirical without malice. When he heard of what she had to suffer from her aunt, he offered either to marry her, or to pay her pension in a convent; and *Mademoiselle D'Aubigné* answered, that she preferred that obligation which would empower her more constantly to shew her gratitude to her benefactor. *Madame Neuillant* consented, and they were married. She lived with him many years, and during all the time had never quit-

ed his presence. When he was ill, she was his nurse; when better, his companion, his amanuensis, or his reader. It was during this life of study or active complaisance, that she learned, perhaps, that pliability of will and humor, and that extent of knowledge, which afterwards were of such material advantage to her.

Voltaire makes no scruple to say, that this part of her life was undoubtedly the happiest. Her beauty, but especially her wit (for she was never reckoned a perfect beauty) and unblemished reputation, distinguished her to great advantage, and her conversation was eagerly sought by the best company in *Paris*; but *Scarron* dying in 1660, she was reduced to the same indigent condition she was in before her marriage. Her friends, however, endeavoured all they could to get the pension continued to her which had been allowed her husband. Petitions were, in consequence, frequently presented, beginning always with "the widow *Scarron* most humbly prays your majesty, &c." ; so that the king was so weary

of them, that he was heard to say, "Must I always de pestered with the widow *Scarron*!" However, he at last, at the solicitation of *Madame de Montespan*, settled a much larger pension on her, and said at the same time, "Madam, I have made you wait a long time, but you have so many friends, that I was resolved to have this merit with you on my own account."

As *Madame de Montespan* wished to conceal the birth of the children she had by the king, *Madame Scarron* was thought a proper person to be entrusted with their education. She was therefore, created governess by him, and led a solitary and laborious life in watching with motherly solicitude, not only over the minds, but the health of the children committed to her care. What made it more unpleasant was, that during the earlier part of the time, *Lewis* himself disliked her, and fancied her a female pedant and a wit; but when she was obliged to write, her letters charmed him, and he could not have thought, he said, a belle esprit could have written so well.

Lewis was one day afterwards playing with the duke of *Maine*, and, pleased with some shrewd answer of the boy, said, "You are very wise."—"How should I be otherwise, said he, "when I am under the tuition of wisdom herself?" This answer pleased him so much, that he sent to her a hundred thousand francs.

Yet her situation became daily more insupportable: she frequently quarrelled with *Madame de Montespan*, who complained of her to the king. "Why do you not dismiss her, then?" said he, "are you not the mistress?" She thought it, however, more easy to appease than to replace, and informed her of what he had said. Hurt and indignant at being considered so lightly, she declared she would resign her situation. *Madame de Montespan* was alarmed: she sought to appease her; but only at the wish of the king, to whom, for the future, she was alone to be accountable, she consented to remain. In the conversations which ensued, she began, at the age of forty-eight, to win the affections of *Lewis*.

Though still handsome, it was to her sense and mental accomplishments that this extraordinary woman was chiefly, if not wholly, indebted for the conquest of a monarch ever volatile and inconstant, till fixed by her. In her conversation, in which sallies of wit and precepts of virtue were judiciously blended, he discovered charms before unknown. During an intercourse of several years, and for the last four, of the most intimate nature, she completely won his affections. The more she was known, the more she was valued; and at length, partly from esteem, and partly from religious scruples, *Lewis*, by the advice of his confessor, the Jesuit *La Chaise*, lawfully married her, Jan. 1686, when she was in her fifty-second year, and he in his forty-eighth. No contract was signed, no settlement made; the nuptial benediction was bestowed by *Harlai de Chamvalon*, archbishop of *Paris*. *La Chaise* was present at the ceremony; *Montchevreuil*, and *Bontemps*, first valet-de-chambre to the king, attended as witnesses. *Madame de Maintenon*, for she never assumed any other title, proved herself

worthy of the high station by her disinterestedness, virtue, and moderation. She exerted her credit with extreme circumspection, never interfered in political intrigues, and betrayed a greater desire to render the king happy than to govern the state. Her aggrandizement by no means tended to increase her felicity: she led a retired life, excluded from all social intercourse with her friends; and its invariable assiduity not only produced lassitude, but excited disgust. It is to be lamented, that her fear of rendering *Lewis* uneasy by contradiction prevented her from doing all the good she might have done, and all she wished to do; yet, by an unwise exertion of power, she engaged him to acknowledge the son of *James* II. as king of England, in opposition to the the treaty of *Ryswick*; and, after the dreadful defeat of the French, at *Blenheim*, was the only one who had sufficient courage to inform the king he was no longer invincible.

He bought for her the lands of *Maintenon*, in 1679, which was the only estate she ever

had, though in the height of favor, which afforded her the means of making purchases to what value she pleased. Here she had a magnificent castle, in a delightful country, not more than fourteen leagues distant from *Paris*, and ten from *Versailles*. The king seeing her wonderfully pleased with her estate, called her publicly *Madame de Maintenon*, and this change of name stood her in much greater stead than she could have imagined, yet her elevation was to her only a retreat. Shut up in her apartment, which was on the same floor with the king's, she confined herself to the society of two or three ladies as retired as herself, and even those she saw but seldom. *Lewis* went there every day after dinner, before and after supper, and staid till midnight. Here he did business with his ministers, while she employed herself in reading or needle-work, never shewing any forwardness to talk of state affairs, and carefully avoiding all appearance of cabal and intrigue. She studied more to please him who governed than to govern, and preserved her credit by employing it with the utmost circumspection.

Her brother, count *D'Aubigné*, a lieutenant-general of long standing, would have been made a marshal of France, but his indolent temper made the king wisely provide for him in a common way, as he was unfit for that high office. His daughter married the duke of *Noailles*. Two other nieces of *Madame de Maintenon* were married, the one to the marquis de *Caylus*, the other to the marquis de *Villette*. A moderate pension, however, which *Lewis* XIV. gave to *Madame de Caylus*, was almost all her fortune: the others had nothing but expectation.

The marriage was, however, kept very secret, and the only outward mark of her elevation was, that in mass she sat in one of the two little galleries or gilded domes which appeared designed for the king and queen. Besides this, she had not any exterior appearance of grandeur. The piety and devotion with which she had inspired the king became gradually a sincere and settled disposition of mind, which age and affliction confirmed. She had already, with him and the whole

court, acquired the merit of a foundress, by assembling at *Noissy* a great number of women of quality; and the king had already destined the revenues of the abbey of *St. Denis* for the maintenance of this rising community. *St. Cyr* was built at the end of the park at *Versailles*, in 1686. She then gave the form to this new establishment, which was for the education of three hundred young girls, of noble families, till they attained the age of twenty; and, together with *Godet Desmarets*, bishop of *Chartres*, made the rules, and was herself superior of the convent. Thither she often went to pass away some hours; and if we say, that melancholy determined her to this employment, it is what she herself has said. "Why cannot I," says she, in a letter to *Madame de la Maisonfort*, "why cannot I give you my experience? Why cannot I make you sensible of that uneasiness which wears out the great, and of the difficulties they labor under to employ their time? Do not you see that I am dying with melancholy, in a height of fortune which once my imagination could scarce have conceived? I have

been young and beautiful, have had a relish for pleasures, and have been the universal object of love. In my advanced age I have spent my time in intellectual amusements. I have at last risen to favor; but I protest to you, my dear girl, that every one of these conditions leaves in the mind a dismal vacuity." If any thing could shew the vanity of ambition, it would certainly be this letter. *Madame de Maintenon* could have no other uneasiness than the uniformity and constant restraint of her manner of living; and this made her say once to her brother, "I can hold it no longer; I wish I were dead." The way to please *Lewis* was never to be out of spirits or health, but the force she put upon herself for this purpose rendered her life a burthen. He was the politest of men, and always preserved for her the greatest respect; yet, as she herself complained, to "amuse a man who never can be amused" was the most perfect slavery.

They latterly lived a retired life at the convent of *St. Cyr*, and the court grew every day

more serious. Here it was she requested *Racine*, who had renounced the theatre for Jansenism and the court, to compose a tragedy, and to take the subject of it from the scriptures. He accordingly wrote *Esther*, which having been first represented at the house of *St. Cyr*, was several times afterwards acted at *Versailles*, before the king, in the winter of the year 1689. At the death of *Lewis*, which happened in 1715, *Madame de Maintenon* retired wholly to the convent of *St. Cyr*, where she spent the remainder of her days in acts of devotion; and what is very surprising, *Lewis* XIV. made no certain provision for her, but only recommended her to the duke of *Orleans*. She would accept of no more than a pension of 80,000 livres, which was punctually paid till her death.

She struggled for a long time to be publickly acknowledged queen, which *Lewis* was inclined to grant, but in the end persuaded from doing by his counsellors. Her letters have been printed in nine volumes 12mo.

Margaret, of Anjou, daughter of Regnier, titular king of Sicily, Naples and Jerusalem, descended from a count of Anjou, who had left those magnificent titles to his posterity, without any real power or possessions.

She was however the most accomplished princess of that age, both in body and mind; and the rival parties of the cardinal of *Winchester* and the duke of *Gloucester*, being then ambitious of choosing a wife for the young *Henry* II. king of England, that of the former prevailed, and *Margaret* was elected, who seemed to possess those qualities, which would enable her to acquire an ascendant over *Henry*, and to supply all his defects and weaknesses. In 1443, the treaty of marriage was ratified in England; and *Margaret*, on her arrival, fell immediately into close connections with the cardinal and his party; who, fortified by her powerful patronage, resolved on the final ruin of the duke of *Gloucester*, and that good prince at length fell a sacrifice to court intrigues, after being accused of treason and thrown into prison, where he was soon after

found dead in his bed; and, although his body bore no marks of outward violence, no one doubted but he had fallen a victim to the vengeance of his enemies.

Henry being a mere cypher in the government, the administration was in the hands of the queen and the earl of *Suffolk*, who had contracted universal odium at the time of the duke of *York*'s aspiring to the crown. *Margaret* was considered as a French woman, and a latent enemy to the kingdom, who had betrayed the interests of England, in favor of her family and country. *Suffolk* was considered her accomplice; and the downfall of the duke of *Gloucester*, who was universally beloved, in which they were both known to have been concerned, rendered them yet more obnoxious.

The partizans of the Duke of York, taking advantage of this, impeached the earl of Suffolk of various crimes; and the king, in order to save his minister, banished him the kingdom for five years. But his enemies, sensible that he enjoyed the queen's confidence, and would

be recalled the first opportunity, got him intercepted and murdered on his passage.

The duke of Somerset succeeded to Suffolk's power in the administraton, and credit with the queen ; but he having been unfortunate in the French war, was equally the object of dislike, and the queen and council, unable to protect him, were obliged to give him up : he was also sent to the tower ; and, as Henry had fallen into a distemper which increased his natural imbecility, the duke of York was created Protector during pleasure.

But Henry recovering, was advised by his friends to reverse all this ; in consequence, the duke of York levied an army, fought a battle near St. Albans, and took the king prisoner ; but treated him with lenity, and was again appointed protector. But this did not last long. The civil war broke out, with various success, till it was thus accommodated, at last by the parliament ; that Henry, who was now again a prisoner, should retain the dignity of a king, during life, and that the duke should succeed him, to the prejudice of his infant son then in Scotland with his mother, who after the

late battle at Northampton had fled with him to Durham, and from thence to Scotland: but soon returning, she applied to the Northern barons, and employed every argument to obtain their assistance. Her affability, insinuation, and address, talents in which she excelled, aided by caresses and promises, wrought a powerful effect on all who approached her. The admiration of her great qualities was succeeded by compassion towards her helpless situation. The nobility of that quarter entered warmly into her cause; and she soon found herself at the head of an army of twenty thousand men, collected with a celerity which was neither expected by her friends, nor apprehended by her enemies.

In the mean time, the duke of York hastened northward with a body of five thousand men to suppress, as he imagined, the beginning of insurrection. He met the queen near Wakefield; and though he found himself so much outnumbered, his pride would not permit him to flee before a woman. He gave battle, was killed in the action; and his body being found among the slain, his head was

cut off by *Margaret's* orders, and fixed on the gates of *York*, with a paper crown upon it, in derision of his pretended title.

Immediately after this important victory, *Margaret* marched towards *London*, where the earl of *Warwick* was left with the command of the *Yorkists*. On the approach of the *Lancastrians*, that nobleman led out his army, reinforced by a strong body of *Londoners*, and gave battle to the queen at *St. Albans*, 1461. *Margaret* was again victorious; she had the pleasure of seeing the formidable *Warwick* flee before her, and of rescuing the king her husband from captivity.

But her triumph, though glorious, was of short duration, and not altogether complete. *Warwick* was still in possession of *London*, on which she made an unsuccessful attempt; and *Edward*, eldest son of the late duke of *York*, having gained an advantage over the *Lancastrians* at *Mortimer's Cross*, near *Hereford*, advanced upon her from the other side, and was soon in a condition to give her battle.

with superior forces. She was sensible of her danger in such a situation, and retreated with her army to the north; while *Edward* entered the capital amidst the acclamations of the citizens, where he was soon proclaimed king, under the title of *Edward* IV.

Young Edward, now in his twentieth year, was of a temper well fitted to make his way in these times of war and havock. He was not only bold, active, and enterprising, but his hardness of heart rendered him impregnable to all those movements of compassion, which might relax his vigor in the prosecution of the most bloody designs against his enemies. Hence the scaffold, as well as the field, during his reign, incessantly smoaked with the noblest blood in England. The animosity between the two families was become implacable, and the nation, divided in its affections, took different party symbols. The adherents of the house of *Lancaster* choose, as their mark of distinction, the *red rose;* those of *York* assumed the *white:* and these civil wars were thus known all over Europe by the name of the "Quarrel between the *Two Roses.*"

Queen *Margaret*, as I have observed, had retired to the north. There great multitudes flocked to her standard; and she was able, in a few weeks, to assemble an army of sixty thousand men. *Edward* and the earl of *Warwick* hastened with forty thousand to check her progress. The two armies met at *Towton*; and, after an obstinate conflict, the battle terminated in a total victory on the side of the *Yorkists*. *Edward* would give no quarter, and the routed army was pursued as far as *Tadcaster*, with great bloodshed and confusion. Above thirty-six thousand men are said to have fallen in the battle and pursuit. *Henry* and *Margaret* had remained at *York* during the action; but learning the defeat of their army, fled with great precipitation into Scotland. The queen of England however found there a people little less divided by faction than those she had left. Their king being a minor, and the regency disputed by two opposite parties. They agreed however to assist them, on her offering to deliver up to them the important fortress of Berwick, and to contract her son to a sister of their king. The dauntless Margaret

stimulated by natural ambition, with her northern auxiliaries, and the succors from France, ventured once more to take the field, and make an inroad into England. But she was able to penetrate no farther than Hexham. There she was attacked by lord Montacute, brother to the earl of Warwick, and warden of the marches, who totally routed her motley army, and all who were spared in the field suffered on the scaffold.

The fate of this unfortunate heroine, after this overthrow, was equally singular and affecting. She fled with her son into a forest, where she endeavoured to conceal herself; but was beset during the darkness of the night by robbers, who despoiled her of her jewels, and treated her with the utmost indignity. She made her escape, however, while they were quarreling about the booty; and wandered some time with her son in the most unfrequented thickets, spent with hunger and fatigue, and ready to sink beneath the load of terror and affliction. In this wretched condition she was met by a robber, with his sword

naked in his hand; and seeing no means of escape, suddenly embraced the bold resolution of trusting entirely to his faith and generosity. "Approach my friend!"—cried she, presenting to him the young prince, "to you I commit the care of your king's son." Struck with the singularity of the event, and charmed with the confidence reposed in him, the robber became her protector. By his favor she dwelt concealed in the forest, till she found an opportunity to make her escape into Flanders, whence she passed to her father in France, and lived several years in privacy and retirement. *Henry* was less fortunate. He lay concealed twelve months in *Lancashire;* but was at last detected, delivered up to *Edward*, and thrown into the Tower, 1465.

In 1470, however, *Warwick* had been sent to France to negociate a marriage between *Edward* IV. and *Bona* of *Savoy;* but *Edward* had, in his absence, given his people an English queen. This the earl resented; and though *Edward* knew he had been ill used, he was too proud to make an appology; and

Warwick in revenge, drew over the duke of *Clarence* to his party, by marrying him to his eldest daughter, coheiress of his immense fortune, besides many other discontented lords. Finding his own name insufficient, and being chased to France, *Warwick* entered into a league with queen *Margaret*, formerly his inveterate enemy.

On his return to England, he was joined by the whole of the *Lancastrians*. Both parties prepared for a general decision by arms; and a decisive action was every moment expected, when *Edward*, finding himself betrayed by the marquis of *Montague*, and suspicious of his other commanders, suddenly abandoned his army and fled to Holland. *Henry* the VI. was taken from his confinement in the Tower, and placed once more upon the English throne; and a parliament, called under the influence of *Warwick*, declared *Edward* the IV. an usurper.

But so fugitive a thing is public favor, that *Warwick* was no sooner at the helm of government than his popularity began to decline,

though he does not appear to have done any thing to deserve it. The young king was emboldened to return; and though he brought with him but two thousand men, he soon found himself in a condition to obey the call. The city of London opened its gates to *Edward;* who thus became at once master of his capital and of the person of his rival *Henry*, doomed to be the perpetual sport of fortune. The arrival of *Margaret*, whose presence would have been of infinite service to her party, was every day expected. In the mean time the duke of *Clarence* deserted to the king, and the two parties came to a general engagement. The battle was fought with great obstinacy, and uncommon valor on both sides; but an accident threw at last the ballance on that of the *Yorkists*. *Edward's* cognisance was a sun; *Warwick's* a star with rays; and the mistiness of the morning rendering it difficult to distinguish them, a body of *Lancastrians* was attacked by their friends and driven off the field. *Warwick* did all that experience, conduct, or valor, could suggest to retrieve the mistake, but in vain. He had engaged

on foot that day, contrary to his usual practice, in order to shew his troops, that he was resolved to share every danger with them; and now, sensible that all was lost, unless a reverse of fortune could be wrought by some extraordinary effort, he rushed into the thickest of the engagement, and fell, covered with a multitude of wounds. His brother underwent the same fate; and as *Edward* had issued orders to give no quarter, a great and undistinguishing slaughter was made in the pursuit.

Queen *Margaret*, and her son prince *Edward*, now about eighteen years of age, landed from France the same day on which that decisive battle was fought. She had hitherto sustained the shocks of fortune with surprising fortitude; but when she received intelligence of her husband's captivity, and of the defeat and death of the earl of *Warwick*, her courage failed her, and she took sanctuary in the abbey of *Beaulieu*, in *Hampshire*.

Encouraged, however, by the appearance of *Jasper*, earl of *Pembroke*, and several other

noblemen, who exhorted her still to hope for success, she resumed her former spirit, and determined to assert to the last her son's claim to the crown of England. Putting herself once more at the head of the army, which increased in every day's march, she advanced through the counties of Devon, Somerset and Gloucester. But the ardent and expeditious Edward overtook her at Tewkesbury, on the banks of the Severn, where the Lancastrians were totally routed and dispersed. Margaret and her son were taken prisoners, and brought to the king, who asked the prince, in an imperious tone, How he dared to invade his dominions? "I came hither," replied the undaunted youth, more mindful of his high birth than his present fortune, "to revenge my father's wrongs, and rescue my just inheritance out of your hands." Incensed at his freedom, instead of admiring the boldness of his spirit, the ungenerous Edward barbarously struck him on the face with his gauntlet; and the dukes of Clarence and Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and Sir Thomas Gray, taking this blow as a signal for farther violence, hurried him aside, and in-

stantly dispatched him with their daggers. Margaret was thrown into the tower, where her husband had just expired: whether by a natural or violent death is uncertain, though it is generally believed the duke of Gloucester killed him with his own hands.

The hopes of the house of Lancaster were thus extinguished by the death of every legitimate prince of that family. Edward, who had no longer any enemy that could give him anxiety or alarm, was encouraged once more to indulge himself in pleasure and amusement; but he was not deaf to the calls of ambition, and planned an invasion of France. He passed over in 1475, to Calais, with a formidable army; but Lewis proposed an accommodation by no means honorable to France, except in one article, which was a stipulation for the life of Margaret, who was still detained in custody by Edward. Lewis paid fifty thousand crowns for her ransom; and this princess, who, in active scenes of life, had experienced so remarkably the vicisitudes of fortune, passed the remainder of her days in privacy. The

situations into which she was thrown in a manner unsexed her; as she had the duties and hardships of a man to encounter, she partook of the same character, and was as much tainted with ferocity, as endowed with the courage of the age in which she lived; though the pictures which remain of her shew a countenance at once mild and dignified.

She died 1481, as is supposed of grief for the misfortunes of a husband and son she had so faithfully served, having in person fought twelve battles.

Catherine de Parthenai, daughter and heiress of John de Parthenai, Seigneur de Soubise.

She had a turn for poetry; as appears from some poems published in 1572, when she was not above eighteen years of age. She is generally thought to be the author of the appology for Henry IV. which was printed as hers in the new edition of her journal of Henry III. Daubigny assures us, that the king shewed it

him as a piece written in her stile. Bayle declares, that whoever wrote it, is a person of wit and genius. It is in reality a very sharp satire. Catherine wrote also tragedies and comedies, which have not been printed; and the tragedy of Holofernes, which was represented on the theatre at Rochelle, in 1754.

When only fourteen years of age, she married Charles de Quellence, baron de Pont, in Britainy, who, upon the marriage, took the name of Soubise; under which name he is mentioned with honor in the second and third civil wars in France, and fell in the general massacre of St. Bartholomew, 1571, after fighting valiantly for his life.

His wife wrote several elegies, deploring her loss; to which she added some on the death of the admiral, and other illustrious personages.

She married secondly, 1573, Renatus, viscount Rohan, the second of that name, who dying 1586, though she was not yet above thirty two years of age, she resolved to spend

the remainder of her life in the education of her children.

Her eldest son was the famous duke de Rohan, who asserted the protestant cause with so much vigor, during the civil wars in the reign of Lewis XIII. Her second the duke of Soubise. She had also three daughters, Henrietta, who died in 1629; Catherine, who married a duke of Deux Ponts in 1605, and whose beauty having attracted the eyes of Henry IV. when he declared his passion, she immediately replied, "I am too poor to be your wife, and too nobly born to be your mistress."

Her third daughter was Anne, who survived all her brothers and sisters, and inherited both her genius and magnanimous spirit. She lived unmarried with her mother, and with her bore all the calamities of the siege of Rochelle. The daughter's resolution was remarkable, but the mother's more, as she was then in her 75th year. They were reduced to the necessity of living for three months upon horse-flesh, and four ounces of bread a day.

Yet notwithstanding this dismal situation, she wrote to her son, to go on as he had begun, and not to let the consideration of the extremity to which she was reduced prevail upon him to make him act any thing to the prejudice of his party, how great soever her sufferings might be. In short, she and her daughter refused to be included in the articles of capitulation, and remained prisoners of war. They were conveyed to the castle of Niort, 1628, and she died there 1631, aged 77.

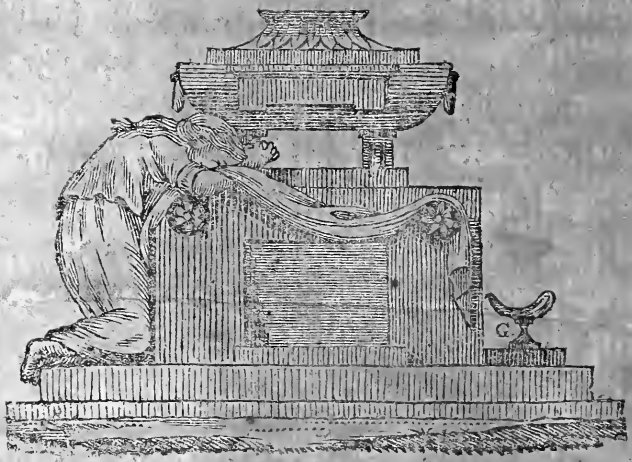
Sibilla, wife of Robert, duke of Normandy, eldest son of William the conqueror; a prince of a noble and generous spirit, who was tenderly beloved by his friends.

Having been wounded by a poisoned arrow, the physicians declared nothing could save him, but the venom's being sucked from his wound by some one, whose life must fall a sacrifice. Robert disdained to save his own by hazarding that of another; but Sibilla did this in his sleep, and died to save her husband.

"I do not know," says St. Foix, "a more flattering or finer title to nobility, than that which the descendants of Anne Musnier produced at the reformation. Three men, whilst they were waiting in an alley of the count of Champaign's garden, for that prince's rising, consulted together upon a plot they had laid to assassinate him. Anne Musnier, who was concealed behind a tree, overheard part of their conversation: seeing them withdraw, shocked at the thoughts of a design against her prince's life, and fearful perhaps that she should not have time enough to acquaint him of it, she called out from the other end of the walk, and beckoned to them as if she wanted to speak with them. One of them advancing towards her, she stabbed him with a large kitchen knife, and he fell at her feet: she then defended herself against the other two, and received several wounds.

By this time the people came to her assistance; and in searching these villains, there

were found upon them presumptive proofs of a conspiracy. They confessed the whole, when put to the torture, and were quartered. Anne Musnier, Gerard de Langres her husband, and their descendants, were ennobled.



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